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THE HERONS.¹

CHAPTER XIII.

"WELL," said Mrs. Ingleby in her trenchant fashion, laying down a letter upon the breakfast-table; "I hope Janet Heron is satisfied *now*!"

Her tone was that with which we imply that though people certainly ought to be satisfied with what they have wrought for, yet it is hardly possible that they should be so. Evelyn Armitage at once perceived that she was meant to ask questions. "How have the Herons been distinguishing themselves lately?" she inquired.

"Why, you know that Cosmo Heron went and got married a little more than a month ago?"

"Certainly; we saw it in the paper."

"Yes; I thought he might have told us of his intentions himself, considering he had been to see us not so very long before."

"Perhaps they were not *his* intentions. Of course at his age he had fallen in love with some one older than himself, and possibly she married him off-hand without giving him time to think about it." Miss Armitage spoke with a shade of bitterness. There was about her, as there is about many a beautiful and admired woman, a

touch of Queen Elizabeth's humour. She might not want to marry a man herself, but it was just a little effort to forgive him for wanting to marry anybody else.

"No, that was not it. She is younger than he is,—a mere child to look at, Janet Heron says. But the point of the story is that they are separated already. Really, it seems as if there was a fate in that family to prevent them from ever behaving like other people."

"What have the two infants quarrelled about, then?"

"Oh, Janet does not say that they have quarrelled, but of course it comes to the same thing. She says that Cosmo is still bent on going back to his brother, and that happily his wife does not agree with him on that point. 'So,' she writes, 'the girl is staying with me for the present,—a far more reasonable arrangement than her being shut up at Herne's Edge as my husband proposed, or being a burden on poor Cosmo, who will have more than he can do to maintain himself. She is very pretty and sweet-looking, and quite lady-like, so that things are better than might have been expected.' Now I know what Janet is after as well as if she had told me! She has bribed the wife to stay with her (and of course she has

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plenty to offer), thinking that when the young man is tired of his whim he will come back to *them* and not to his father."

"The wife must be rather a poor little creature to desert his cause so soon," said Evelyn scornfully. "She is the sister of Edmund Heron's wife, is she not? So the cause ought to be as much to her as to him."

"Women don't as a rule care much for abstract justice, my dear. I don't blame her for preferring Pennithorne to that place in Canonbury, and still less for being content with things as they are while it is her own husband who is in favour instead of his brother. Well, the purport of Mrs. Heron's letter is to induce me to be kind to this head-strong young man and ask him to my house, so that I may let her know how he gets on,—if he shows signs of starving himself, I suppose she means. That implies that he is too angry to write to them, and it must be a bitter pill to Janet's pride to scheme to get news of him in this roundabout way. I am not sure she is not rightly served. She spoiled Edmund frightfully when he was a little boy; then when the younger one arrived Edmund was nothing; and ever since Cosmo has been everything, just because he would never have more to do with her than he could help."

"Shall you do as she wishes?"

"Certainly; if the young man will condescend to come here I shall be very pleased to receive him. His manners are delightful, and I consider him most chivalrous and honourable, though certainly a goose. In the circumstances one respects him for not being willing to think evil of his brother; but he must have to shut his eyes very tight."

"What do you think Mr. Edmund Heron has done then?"

"Impossible to guess! His wife did not respond to my advances, but what I saw of her convinced me that his marriage was not his offence in his parents' eyes, and of course the way

they have since accepted her sister proves it. That is, it would in any other family, but really the Herons are quite unaccountable."

"If Mr. Heron did not mind separating from his wife on no ground but '*I do not like you, Dr. Fell,*' perhaps he might not hesitate to cast off his eldest son for no better reason."

"Possibly; but then Janet Heron would have taken him up out of opposition, if she could in decency have done so. They are a riddle that I give up. But if I ask the young man here, you must entertain him, and if you can get him to explain himself, so much the better."

Mrs. Heron was wrong when she supposed that Cosmo's wrath would prevent her hearing from him directly. On the contrary, he was so angry that there was no need for him to "nurse his wrath to keep it warm," and he was virtuously bent upon doing all that could reasonably or unreasonably be asked of him. He wrote regularly once a week, alternately to his wife or his mother—the most meaningless, proper, dutiful little epistles, which Althea, at any rate, felt almost as an insult, though she would have been no better pleased if they had ceased.

In fact the young man was at odds with most of the world, and too unhappy to be very serene in temper. He felt that he had been robbed of his wife; and his idyll of young love (true and tender, if not very passionate) was all turned to bitterness. He was angry with his father and mother for having desired this state of things and brought it about; but he could not hide from himself that, if Althea had but been true, they could have done nothing. Edmund had bitterly disappointed him, though he was so loth to own it; and now that his wife had disappointed him also he naturally generalised, after the manner of youth, and told himself in sad earnest that the world was a disappointing place.

He was thrown a good deal with Geoffrey Pierce at this time, and,

without deliberately granting each other as exceptions to the general rule, they insensibly came to form a kind of forlorn, undemonstrative friendship. Their work was on the same lines; their object in life was the same; and they were both too much out of spirits to care for any recreation but long walks, which they presently got into the habit of taking together as the long twilights of summer drew themselves out half across the night. They both loved Edmund, felt for him, disapproved of and distrusted him; and consequently could understand each other without speech, in that mute sympathy which is the only possible comfort in some troubles.

As for Edmund himself, about the beginning of August matters were mysteriously amended with him. Some small but pressing debts were actually paid off, some vexatious wants about the house supplied. His spirits rose, not merely for an hour at a time as usual, but with a bound to which there seemed to follow no reaction; while he actually worked harder and better than his wont, as if resolved to be good as well as happy. Of the sudden access of funds he said nothing to anybody by way of explanation; and if Cosmo had known where the money really came from he might have regarded it as a new disgrace and misfortune. But its present effect was altogether favourable, and under the softening influence of prosperity Edmund became more what he had been when Cosmo first came to town. The improvement in the state of his spirits lasted even after the mysterious supply seemed to be exhausted; and at last he accounted for it by telling his brother in confidence of an event that was likely to take place in six months' time.

"I feel sure it will be a boy this time," he said, "and then it will all be right. It's not that I don't love the little girls, Heaven bless them! but you don't know how I have

longed for a boy. My father thinks,—perhaps even you think—that I don't care much about the old name; but I shall care about it enough to satisfy you both when I have a son to hand it on to. Through him I shall feel that I have a footing in the old home, even if my father still keeps the door barred against me personally. I have always hoped to be able to make better terms with him, when once the Prince has actually come; and many things will seem worth while for his sake that have never seemed so of late,—though I own they ought to have done so."

His softening voice and a kind of boyish contrition in his handsome face, showed plainly enough what he meant and made it evident that he was in earnest, however vague his words might be. Cosmo's glad confidence in his brother had made a pathetic descent by this time into thankfulness that he should even be penitent, and nothing more was said between them. But Edmund was perfectly aware that Cosmo was as anxious for the safe arrival of the Prince as he himself could be, seeing in that event the best chance of escape for both of them from a painful and almost untenable position.

Meanwhile the glamour that had at first hung over the London streets had almost all fled with Cosmo's other illusions. At first he had been interested and amused with what was to be seen from a humble distance of the gaieties of the season; faces recognisable in the Park that hitherto he had known only in PUNCH, and all the beauty and grace, as well as the splendour and ostentation of the greatest city in the world. But a distant view of these things soon palls upon the gazer, and then the glories of the season themselves began to fade. The fashionable quarter of London grew empty, and the leaves on the trees in the parks were drooping fast, though in the country it was still high summer. The nights grew hotter as the days grew shorter, till it seemed

as if the baked houses and burning pavement were never cool between sundown and sunrise. The little girls drooped in the airless heat and grew quieter than ever, too subdued to romp with Moloch who did little but lie and gasp, and too tired even to play with Cosmo, who could not comfort himself with his sister-in-law's assurance that it was always so every summer. It ended in their all going to the sea for a fortnight; for which undreamed of delight funds were partly provided by Edmund and partly by a benefaction from Pennithorne; but it was found necessary also for Cosmo's watch to disappear about that time, and it went accordingly, unregretted by him and unnoticed for a good while by anybody else.

Several times during May and June Cosmo had complied with Mrs. Ingleby's warm invitation to come and see her. But always, as it happened, there had been others there, rather to the annoyance of Evelyn Armitage. She was a little provoked with him, but he was more interesting to her now than ever, in his shabby coat and with that new look of power and yet of sadness on his boyish face. As it happened they had been too confidential with each other to slip back into ordinary terms and talk banalities. If, as she guessed, he was disappointed and disenchanted, he might well feel as though he had nothing to say to her; but she was determined that he should be confidential again some day, and she could bide her time. When, at the close of the season, they started on a round of visits she was rather glad to know that it would be a short round, and that early in the autumn they might expect to be settled in Kensington again.

So it befell that in the beginning of October Cosmo got a note from Mrs. Ingleby, inviting him to an evening party at her house,—an invitation which he accepted the more gladly because he did not wish to lose sight of these friends, and his dress-suit was

now the most presentable garment he possessed.

Evelyn was curious to know at what page in his life's romance this unreasonable young man had now arrived,—whether he read it as tragedy or comedy, and how he meant to end it, supposing that Fate allowed him any voice in the catastrophe. "It is easier to talk in a crowd than when there are only two or three people present," she said to herself. "To-night he shall talk to me, as he did on those days when we first met. No doubt London has made him reticent and self-conscious, but we will see if we can't break that down. When a man offers one his heart he is often a bore; but when he shows one his soul he is piquant and interesting,—only a good many of them have no souls to show!"

It must be owned that Miss Armitage prepared herself for the research into a man's soul in much the same way as if she had been merely intending to capture his heart. That is to say she set off her undeniable beauty to the best advantage, and contrived that Cosmo Heron should have a seemingly accidental opportunity for private talk with her. For his part, being by no means shy, he was not slow to avail himself of it. The memory of their first meeting made them seem like old friends in this wilderness of new acquaintance; and he had not exchanged three words with a lady since he left home last, except with Margaret.

"It is nearly a year since your literary career began," said Miss Armitage, smiling on him with a magnetic look of interest. "Is it not time that you should keep your promise and let me read something that you have written?"

"Will you not wait till I have emerged from the purli-us and bye-ways of literature, if ever I do? I assure you I have written nothing yet that could by any possibility interest you."

"You can't be sure of that. Nowa-

days we are allowed to interest ourselves in all sorts of things. Tell me at least what papers or periodicals you write for."

"Any that will be kind enough to accept anything of mine; some that you never heard of, and some (just one or two) that you may have come across. Some also that pay, and more that do not."

"You are very uncommunicative. At least you may tell me what kind of subjects you choose, and whether you sign your articles with your own name."

He laughed without any trace of mortified vanity. "If any of my humble efforts had happened to come your way you would not have needed to ask. Whenever it is possible I always sign my name in full. As for subject, the imperative necessity at present is to find out what will sell. Beyond that modest ambition there are endless vistas, of position, and power, and influence, and possibly a little service to one's generation. They all seem open when some trumpery third-rate paper has accepted an article; and when the rejected ones come back, as more frequently happens, every door seems shut again and double-locked."

From the tone, it did not seem as though his discouraged moods were likely to last too long. And indeed he looked as though poverty and strenuous endeavour had not hurt him, as though he could have made very merry over them had they been the worst of his troubles.

"And does your father like the life for you?" asked Miss Armitage, deliberately probing a little deeper.

"I,—don't know. If I knew that he did not, it ought to be a reason with me for persevering in it and advertising my devotion to it as much as possible. You know enough of our extraordinary position, Miss Armitage, to understand what I mean by that."

"I understand. It is a kind of partnership with your brother, an alliance offensive and defensive against

all the world. Is his work of the same kind?"

"Yes; he does a good deal of that sort of thing. And his friend, Mr. Pierce, to whom I am indebted for many hints and introductions, is really a literary man; one of those men who do good work and are never heard of, but who if they had belonged to a literary clique would have long ago made themselves lasting reputations. I should like to bring him some day to see you, though it is not easy to get him out of his shell."

"Thanks; I should be pleased to see him," said Miss Armitage, very slightly interested in a presumably shy and uncouth personage, however gifted. "I was sorry that your brother's wife was too much occupied to return Mrs. Ingleby's call; I should have liked to have made her acquaintance."

"I was sorry too; but Margaret never goes anywhere. Between ourselves, I think it is just possible that Mrs. Ingleby may have frightened her a little. In spite of all the cares of life she is still very young and shy, perhaps because she lives with her children always and devotes herself to them."

"People who live simply and quietly enjoy a kind of perpetual youth." Evelyn Armitage sighed a little as she spoke. "Her sister, your wife, is younger still, is she not?"

"In years and in experience, yes."

He looked at her with a certain steadiness, as if wondering how much she knew, and resolute to let her perceive nothing more. Evelyn went on warily, "She is staying with your mother just now, is she not?"

"Yes, for the present. Pennithorne is better for her than Canonbury; and it was time she saw a little of the country, for until this spring she had known no place but London."

"I should think,—Pennithorne is a delightful place, and I have seldom enjoyed myself more than I did there; but I should be afraid that she would find it dull there in the time of the

year that is now coming on, after her life in town. I am very fond of the country myself, but I have never willingly spent November in an English country house, and I should expect to find it somewhat dreary."

"Never willingly,—have you ever done it at all?"

"No, so far as I remember. I have always been here or abroad since I was ten years old."

"I thought as much. I wouldn't wrong you by supposing you too much of a cockney to enjoy the nameless mournful charm of the country in late autumn, if you had ever given it a fair trial."

"Charm!—

'When a blanket wraps the day,
When the rotten woodland drips,
And the leaf is stamped in clay.'

"Tennyson spoke of his fat Lincolnshire lowlands, that are rich and prosperous in summer-time and lose all when summer goes. What difference does it make to our treeless moorlands whether they are purple and green as they were a month ago, or brown and golden as they will be a month hence? It is only another phase of beauty."

"You would like to persuade me to envy the lot of the country mouse shivering in her hollow tree! At least, without being to the manner born, I can believe that Herne's Edge will be as impressive as ever, standing four-square to the autumn gales. But confess, is it not very lonely there in the short winter days?"

His face darkened a little and he sighed, but promptly repressed the sigh. "Ah, there you touch a weak point! My father will be very lonely there, I fear; and I must not even say that I am sorry to leave him there alone, for fear it should seem as though I regretted what I do not and cannot regret."

"I was thinking more of your wife; but of course she is with your mother."

"Yes; she will be very comfortable at Pennithorne, and I believe Mrs.

Heron and Emily will see that she is not too dull. They were so anxious to keep her with them that they are bound to do their utmost for her."

There was no bitterness in his tone; nothing less fine than a clever woman's ear could have detected in it a hint of anything but kindness and satisfaction. But Evelyn knew as well as if he had told her that to his mind his wife had no business at Pennithorne, and that whether their disagreement had been explicit or not her share in it was unforgiven.

"I have been thinking," she said after a pause, "of those old stories you told me on the day when we first met. If you would write them as you told them to me, but with more fullness of detail, the world, I think, would be as much interested as I was."

"I could not make 'copy' out of those stories," answered Cosmo gravely. "The past with us is not dead, but an active force, to be reckoned with, not theorised about and dressed up for a magazine."

"What do you mean?"

"That the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. I don't mean my father's sins, Heaven knows! but those 'old, unhappy, far-off things,' dragging themselves out beyond the third and fourth generation."

"That is rather a depressing fancy, is it not?"

"I am afraid it is more than a fancy; but perhaps it need not be depressing. There is such a doom in many a family, linking one generation to another in one common fault and misfortune. But surely such a devil's chain may be broken and ought to be broken; and it is rather inspiriting than otherwise to believe that the time has come to break it."

"The hour and the man," she answered, smiling with a bewitching change from criticism into sympathy and congratulation.

"Perhaps I may be bold enough to think that. Why should not history repeat itself for good as well as for evil? All through the Civil War

Herne's Edge was held alternately by two brothers of one family, the younger of whom was a Commonwealth man (his father having been a Puritan before him), while the elder took the part of the King,—I fear in the hope of getting back the estate which he had lost through family intrigues. He got it, and lost it again, and the younger brother held it all the time of the Protectorate. But at the Restoration, being a moderate man, he was not molested, and the elder brother, having no friends sufficiently powerful to help him, could only plot, and scheme revenge, and destroy the peace of the family. Then he died; the other soon followed him, and their sons were left, as every one supposed, to carry on the feud. But the king *de facto* freely yielded place to the king *de jure*; he gave up all that his father had spent a lifetime in fighting for, and went away to found a new family in a new world."

"And what became of him?"

"He lived long and throve well, I believe. But he had only one daughter, who never married, and so that branch of the family died out."

"That was a pity. It ought to have been spared to enjoy the blessing of the peacemakers."

"We have certainly comported ourselves since as if that Cosmo Heron had carried all the peacemaking faculty of the family out of England with him. But he left an honoured name with us at any rate; and why should not a namesake of his take up his mantle, and do his work, perhaps even more effectually?"

"Why not indeed?" she thought. "But then you should not have begun by leaving your wife almost at the church doors, like your father before you. When men quarrel, some woman always gets the worst of it!" Naturally she did not say as much aloud, and she was in no hurry to say anything else, but leaned back, fanning herself in silence, with smiling lips and shining eyes, the scent of the flowers coming and going with the

soft wafts of air that came and went with her fan.

Cosmo leaned back also luxuriously, and watched her from under his dark level brows. It was very pleasant to be in a pretty room again, to feel an atmosphere of peace and prosperity about him once more; but the pleasure of being in Evelyn Armitage's company was something more subtle than this. Because he had seen her first at Herne's Edge, on that day which was the ending of his tranquillity, she was a link between the old life and the new. She did not reproach him, as any of his own people would have done; nay, her looks showed approval of his resolve, and something in her face and voice was more like home than anything else in this land of exile.

"I wish," she said at last, "— will you let me say for once how thoroughly I sympathise with you and think you right?" Their eyes met, and in both their hearts there was a quick momentary recollection of the young wife who had not sympathised or thought her husband right. "Little fool!" thought Evelyn Armitage. "Did she not know how to keep a man's heart; or is it possible that she thought anything else of more consequence?"

"You are very good," answered Cosmo simply. "I am more used to being thought in the wrong of late. There are some things a man must do if he would not forfeit his last rags of self-respect, no matter whether he likes them or not. And of course he ought not to need encouragement or hanker after it, but it is none the less sweet when it comes,—you don't know how sweet!"

"Don't I? Well, I am a woman, and I know that it is sometimes a little comfort and satisfaction to talk with a friend. And we are friends, are we not? And remember, we are allies too, if ever it is in my power to help you; so I shall feel that I have my small share in—you are too modest to let me call it by its right name."

She held out her hand with a sweet frank smile, and let him take and press it, and even returned the pressure as a true comrade should. And at the same moment she rose to lead the way up stairs again, less concerned about the length of time they had been together, than conscious that the conversation had reached its culminating point and had better end there.

I fear that it was only natural to Evelyn Armitage to try to gain a certain degree of power over any man in whom she was interested, though so far she had been interested in too few to have earned for herself the reputation of a flirt. But in this case there were other feelings engaged, at once more noble and more base than those which had usually prompted her to try her power. In the first place she wanted to feel that she had some intimate connection, however slight, with what seemed to her a romance of heroism and self-sacrifice. And beneath and behind that, in something less crude than words, herself whispered to herself: "I shall never marry. I don't want to marry; but why should I not have something of what falls to other women's lot? Why should I not have a friend who *might* have been something more? Why should I not handle edged tools and play with fire a little? I am old enough to be wise for both of us, to take care that I do him no harm; and if I get a heartache for myself in the process I would rather have it than this dull calm, this ignorance of what every chit just out of the schoolroom thinks herself competent to feel."

CHAPTER XIV.

It would be hard to define the feelings of the little household at Canonbury when Cosmo returned to them without his wife. Naturally he spoke of the separation as less important and more temporary than it seemed to him in the depths of his own heart. At first Margaret rejoiced that Althea

should have a longer holiday, though the little girls mourned her absence; and Geoffrey Pierce held his peace, having a suspicion that there was more amiss than Cosmo would confess.

But as time went on, Margaret grew puzzled and a little disappointed. Althea's letters were most kind and loving, and the presents she was always sending showed a perpetual thought of them and of their needs. But she never spoke of coming back, or answered any questions on that point; never said whether she was happy or otherwise in her new life, and never implied that she had any choice as to whether she should continue in it. Nor did she ever ask after Edmund or even mention his name, at which Margaret waxed somewhat sore, though she had perceived long since that Althea's clear young eyes could not regard Edmund through that beautifying haze with which wifely love had veiled her own.

Nothing was to be got out of Cosmo. He assured his sister-in-law with much earnestness that Althea had herself chosen to remain at Pennithorne, and that his mother would be sure to be kind and indulgent to her. "If not she might go to my father," he said, and sighed. "I only wish she would; nothing at Herne's Edge would be too good for her in his estimation."

But he did not say that he wished to have his wife with him, or even imply that he intended at some future time to send for her; and meanwhile it was so provokingly evident that things were better as they were,—that he could not have supported a wife without pinching himself beyond what human nature was likely to bear,—that no friend to either of them could have found a word of objection. Yet Margaret could not help feeling that it was not like Althea to be so reasonable, or so readily persuaded to her own advantage, and that if Cosmo was reasonable in that respect, it was not by his own will or with his own liking.

As for Geoffrey Pierce, he had his

own reasons for being uneasy. He had been very fond of Althea, though he had no more been in love with her than with Mona, and he believed in a certain straightforward insight and common sense which he had always observed her to possess. Putting one thing and another together, it seemed to him that she must have learned something in Edmund's home that had determined her not to be on Edmund's side any longer, and not to come under his roof again. If so, what had she learned, and were they all fated to know it some miserable day? In his perpetual anxiety and concern about Edmund he had now begun to include Cosmo, watching his gradual disenchantment with real regret, and wondering which would be the worst for him,—to be disappointed in Althea, or to understand, as he might have to do before very long, the good reason and excuse that she might have for her conduct.

Moreover, Cosmo had been leading hitherto a hermit's life of solitude and hard work that was not natural or desirable for so young a man, and that in the nature of things could not go on. But when he came to mix in anything that could be called society there must inevitably be a peril and an awkwardness in his position,—hardly more than a boy, yet married, and virtually separated from his wife. He was preternaturally discreet, certainly; but considering the race he came of there could be little doubt that if he took it into his head to commit any indiscretion nothing that any one could say or do would prevent him.

Geoffrey said to himself that he was worried and troubled by this new anxiety, but perhaps on the whole he was the happier for it. There was more hope in it than in his old trouble about Edmund, though he could see no way out of their difficulties for either of the brothers.

Cosmo had been occupying the same lodgings ever since he came to Canonbury. They were not comfortable,

but he had not cared to consider degrees of discomfort, and having once made up his mind that he could not afford anything better, he resigned himself to a good deal against which any one more accustomed to poverty would have rebelled. Sometimes the contrast between his daily surroundings and his brief glimpses of another world seemed to him too sharp, and he would say to himself with a grim smile that when his dress-suit was worn out he must give up society. But in the meantime he felt no inclination to do anything of the kind, but rather to seek more and more for interest and excitement outside those narrow, dreary walls. The household in Burton Road of course came first, and served in some sort as a home. Beyond that the circle began to widen, of comrades in what he had called the purlieus of literature and acquaintances made beneath Mrs. Ingleby's kindly roof. In none of them did his interest go very deep, for he was not happy enough to be very open-hearted to more prosperous people. But they served their purpose, like the frivolous book with which one beguiles a tedious journey; while for real sympathy and comprehension there was Evelyn Armitage, whom he could see when he chose, and did see a good deal of during that winter.

Cosmo was not at all the kind of young man to drift into difficulties with his eyes shut. Young as he was, he was perfectly aware that it is an undesirable thing for a married man to depend upon a female friend for sympathy. But no one could have imagined Miss Armitage growing unbecomingly sentimental, nor was he inclined that way himself. After all, he could not help the fact that she understood him better than any one else did, and cheered him by smiling encouragement while every one else disapproved or at least despaired. Nor could he help finding in consequence a pleasure in her presence that nothing else gave him; and, Spartan as he was, he took that pleasure, simply and

naturally, whenever he had the chance, and thought no evil.

After the manner of youth he was quite convinced of the finality of what he felt and of what had happened to him. He was sure that Althea and he were parted for ever; that he should always be disappointed in her, always feel a kind of aching void where his boyish love for her had filled a place in his heart. But he was also sure that he should never regret having married her, since it had rescued her from a life which was not fit for her and given her a comfortable home, and for himself had only closed for ever certain doors that he had never, since his fancy for Emily had died a natural death, particularly cared to have open. As for his beautiful friend, he imagined the relation between them continuing unbroken and unchanged for all their lives. Evelyn's charm for him was not that of youth; he could fancy her just as beautiful and as fascinating when her hair was white; and for himself he felt very old already, and prepared to settle down to calm contentment with the joys of friendship. An occasional interview would suffice to enliven a life of hard work; and in his peculiar circumstances what more in the way of sentiment could he expect or even desire? And what should he know of the depths of passion in his own heart still unsounded; of the pitfalls that surround that primrose-path that he and Evelyn Armitage had elected to walk together; of the festering wounds that may be made by a link that cannot be broken, and that yet has failed to bind two souls into one? He was not usually stupid, but in this case preoccupation, disappointment, and inexperience combined to make him so. In his firm determination not to pity himself for any of his misfortunes he rather forgot that marriage at the worst is a fact that it is safer to make the best of than to ignore, and that life is too long and too complex to be spanned by one formula of cheerful resolution.

In his dreary little sitting-room, on a day in the middle of December, Cosmo, contemplating with satisfaction the result of a fair morning's work, summoned Moloch for a visit to Burton Road to see what Edmund had been doing. He had accepted Edmund's word that people did not dine in Canonbury, and allowed his landlady to give him at seven the mixed and rather melancholy meal which she called "'igh tea," while his lunch was not much of an interruption to his morning's work or much tax upon anything but a tin of dry biscuits. His mother would have been in dismay had she known how he treated himself, or was treated, but he did not look the worse for it. The deficiencies of his wardrobe annoyed him more than any other personal hardship, and even those did not trouble him much, though he was hardly aware how very little shabby clothes affected his uncommon and rather distinguished appearance. At the moment he was reckoning that there would be time to finish anything that Edmund might have left undone, challenge Geoffrey Pierce to a constitutional, and get back in time to have a romp with the little girls before seven o'clock brought their bedtime. Not an exciting programme, perhaps, but enough to send him up to Number Fifteen at his best pace, while Moloch at his heels testified a grim delight in having got out of doors at last.

Edmund was in the den and at work. He just looked up, as his brother entered, to greet him with his wonted affectionate smile, and to hand across a book upon which he said he had been requested to give an opinion. "Look at it," he said; "your opinion is worth more than mine any day, and let me finish this while I have a virtuous fit on me."

So Cosmo read and Edmund's pen flew; and presently Cosmo, looking up, was about to call his brother's attention to some astounding statement, when something caught his eye and diverted his thoughts. It was only a

directed letter; but he had read the name, *H. Walsh, Esq.*, before he knew that his eyes had rested on it. He withdrew them instantly to bend them on the book again; when he looked up at the turning of the next page, a piece of blotting paper had been dropped, as it were casually, over the letter. Cosmo still held the book before him, but he was not following a word of it, only tracing the lines mechanically while he was thinking of something quite different. And still Edmund's pen flew, and the silence lasted; till presently it was broken by the patter of little feet in the passage and a tap at the door.

"Uncle Cosmo," said Mona's little careful voice, and as he answered she pushed open the door. "Oh, papa is there too!" she went on. "Please, Uncle Cosmo, may I speak to you for a minute?"

"Would you like to do it here, or shall I come out there to you?"

"Out here, please!" He got up and went out, closing the door behind him and bending down that she might whisper the important communication that evidently lay heavy on her small soul.

"Please, mamma says she is ashamed to trouble you, but Eliza hasn't come back to-day, and Baby May is poorly and won't let mamma go out, and she doesn't know what to do."

"All right, sweetheart, I'll come," he answered; and abridging the steep stairs for those little feet by picking her up and tucking her under his arm, they quickly reached the drawing-room, where Margaret came to meet them with Baby May in her arms flushed and fretful.

Margaret was as far as ever from presuming on her young brother-in-law's good nature. She would not have made an errand boy of him on the present occasion if she could possibly have helped it; but she knew that he was most willing, and that if he looked vexed at the freaks of the small maid-servant (who had chosen to consider herself ill and to go home

and stay there) it was solely on her account; and that he would probably want next to be allowed to wash up the crockery or put the children to bed.

Cosmo felt no humiliation in walking round to two or three shops in the neighbourhood, laying out a few pence with conscientious care, and carrying home his purchases. But his face was very sombre and thoughtful the while. Such a crazy plank seemed alone to stand between the little household and total shipwreck! The mysterious wind-fall of the summer seemed to have been all spent and to have no successor; and here was Mr. Walsh coming to the surface again, after having been ignored for six months or more. Cosmo knew that he had little enough to go upon, and yet could not help regarding this man as Edmund's evil genius, the fiend to whom he would one day sell his soul when the need was at its worst, if he had not done so already. Altogether there was little comfort in the prospect, look which way he would; but with the inveterate hopefulness of youth Cosmo soon began to ponder certain small successes of his own, and to calculate the possible gains from some new ventures in the literary line, which might give him the power to deal with one at least of Edmund's troubles. So pondering he executed all Margaret's commissions, and, finding his further assistance declined, tapped at Geoffrey Pierce's door and invited him to come out for a walk.

Mr. Pierce had business, it appeared, at the West End, but that done he would be glad of a turn in Kensington Gardens. So the two made their way westwards together, by train and on foot, and in either case almost equally silent, till at last the elder man turned to the younger with a sort of friendly, brotherly abruptness, and said, "You are getting on."

"What makes you think so?" asked Cosmo, surprised and pleased.

"I saw your last bit in *THE MIRROR*, and it was decidedly good—too good for its place."

"I was very glad to get it there."

"I dare say; that's the mischief of it; but that was as good as Edmund's when he is at his best. Edmund says he hates the act of writing, whatever the result may be. How do you feel about it?"

"I don't think I like it. For one thing I never like the result until I have so far forgotten it as to cease to feel it mine."

"That's a pity! A literary hack should enjoy writing, as some people enjoy talking, for talking's sake, and should be firmly convinced all the while that he is saying the thing as well as it can possibly be said."

"Then I shall never be a happy literary hack."

"I don't think you will; you are made of too fine stuff. You ought to live in the country and write one book in five years, to please yourself, without any idea of making money by it."

"Or of getting readers; for books written on that principle rarely have many."

"Who cares? The public is made up, I take it, of average men, and the average man is a fool. It is not an elevating task to spend one's life in trying to tickle his palate. I wish you were back in the country, and safe out of the hurly-burly."

"That can't be till some one else is safe out of it too; and you know that as well as I do. Sometimes I dread the crash that is coming, and sometimes I wish it were over and had landed us all in a little rising settlement on the edge of a Western prairie, editing a paper and running a store, and making a new name and a new life for ourselves. Would you come with us?"

"I suppose I should. What I have got in the way of a career and an opening I should have to leave behind me; but I don't know that that would matter. A man can but pay his own price for his own whistle, and live his own life where his heart happens to be."

Cosmo stifled a sigh. For the moment it seemed to him best to be as lonely as his companion was, and not to be obliged to plan a new life in a new world with more than half one's heart left behind in a strange old house in a hollow of the wild northern hills. But he would not say so; and the next moment he looked up and saw what put the whole matter temporarily out of his head,—namely Miss Evelyn Armitage walking towards them across the dingy gravel of the Broad Walk.

She had recognised him and was coming a little out of her way to greet him, her beautiful face looking more beautiful and friendly than ever above the soft blackness of her furs. "Where have you been all this week?" she said. "Mrs. Ingleby is going to write to you to-night, I believe."

"I am very much at her orders," answered Cosmo. "I meant to come and see her on Sunday. May I introduce to you my friend Mr. Pierce?"

Evelyn was aware of two wistful eyes looking at her out of a rugged, homely face. They had so much the look that dogs' eyes have,—a look that seems accustomed to stand in the place of words and to plead mutely to be understood—that she almost felt a fanciful surprise when he spoke, in answer to her friendly greeting, with the acquired ease of a shy man who has lived a good deal in the world.

She had been paying calls, she said, and was now going to take two or three turns in the Gardens, and so home; yes, they might come with her if they had nothing better to do. And so they paced briskly up and down for half an hour, while the scanty light of the December day faded into dusk. When Miss Armitage turned homewards they went with her, and only left her at Mrs. Ingleby's door. She asked them to come in, and Geoffrey rather wondered that Cosmo should decline, especially as he could give no reason but that he had something else to do,

which something only turned out to be a game of play with the little girls at the close of their long dull day, while their mother was busy down stairs preparing that evening meal which was so much more of a joke to Edmund than to her. This was the hour of the day when they most missed Aunt Thea, which was perhaps one reason why Uncle Cosmo felt that his engagement to them should be inviolate, though he did not say so to his companion.

Miss Armitage was not at all the kind of person to address all her conversation to one acquaintance, and leave another, however recent, in the cold. She looked at Mr. Pierce long enough to find that he was plain but undeniably a gentleman, and talked to him enough to elicit that his abilities were above the common, though he was in no hurry to display them. But to him it seemed that, if she had looked at him and spoken to him as she looked at and spoke to Cosmo, he could never have hardened his heart to leave her on Mrs. Ingleby's threshold, and that even the amount of notice she had vouchsafed to himself would have kept him at her side just as long as she would have allowed him to stay. He had called himself unimpressionable, which simply means that he was waiting till his time came. It had come now; and all the way home, between his eyes and the winter dusk, Evelyn Armitage's beautiful face came and went and came again, with a persistence he could hardly mistake; and through the noises of street and train he seemed to hear the low clear tones of her voice as he vainly tried to recall the exact words she had said.

Such a visionary passion at first sight was hardly likely to be very violent or very dangerous in a man of Geoffrey Pierce's age, who was besides somewhat hopeless both by habit and temperament. Such men as he may love "some bright particular star" but do not "think to wed it." But remembering how long it was since he had fancied himself in love (and he

knew now that it had been only fancy then), he felt a kind of thrill, as though the wheel of Time had turned backwards and restored his lost youth. There was no thought in his mind of fighting against it. Why indeed should he fight? He had no unreasonable hopes to banish, no visions of the impossible to delude him. There had been little enough of beauty in his hard life, and if Beauty herself in a form of flesh and blood had smiled at him incidentally under the leafless trees in Kensington Gardens, addressing a few casual remarks to him and letting him touch her hand at parting, why should he not remember it as long as he could, and be glad to think that Beauty had a local habitation and a name, and might be met with again some happy day? Perhaps it was only natural that he should feel a kind of envy of Cosmo, of the words and looks that beauty directed over her other shoulder. Some women (and Evelyn was one of them) can distinguish those whom they delight to honour in a way that may well drive less fortunate admirers wild with envy, and without themselves stepping down one inch from their pedestal of womanly dignity.

But suddenly across Mr. Pierce's kindly-envious thoughts and wonderings as to what he should have done had he been in Cosmo's place, a recollection came like an unpleasing shock. The boy was married! Those sweet smiles were even more strictly forbidden fruit for him than for the older man who had long since renounced all idea of such things for himself. Did Miss Armitage know it? She must; but if so, were those smiles and looks, and the gentle railleries of perfect intimacy, quite justifiable? Or was Geoffrey Pierce a censorious old woman, who fancied dangers and saw harm where no harm could come?

"I believe I am a monomaniac," he said to himself. "I have been looking after Edmund like a hen with one duckling till I have learned to be always forecasting and foreboding. But

the situation is so full of undesirable possibilities that it may well make one uneasy. Women with that kind of irresistible grace ought to be kept locked up. There is no end to the harm they may do even without intending it; and if they should happen to intend it, as they often do——!"

An apparently groundless impression is sometimes very persistent, perhaps because it has really some grounds which have been perceived by a sense more subtle and acute than sight or hearing.

Geoffrey Pierce could not get rid, by argument or self-ridicule, of the idea that Cosmo was in some danger in his visits to South Kensington. Nor did it tend to alter his view of the case when the young man came back from there on the next Sunday evening with bright abstracted eyes and in a mood of fitful high spirits. Yet through all his suspicions that Evelyn Armitage might be doing mischief, and wilfully doing it, there ran a very decided wish to see her again. And when Cosmo mentioned that he had been asked to bring his friend with him on a certain evening that week, Geoffrey had some ado to hide the eagerness that surprised himself. "When I see them together again I can judge better, and perhaps get rid of this troublesome idea," he thought. "And——well, I may as well be honest, and own that I want to see her again. She can do me no harm, if she were Trojan Helen herself, since I am too old and too wise to cry for the moon. But the moon is very pretty to look at, and I will have a sight of her face for once in a way."

Nothing happened on that evening that the most minute and painstaking chronicler could call an event. Evelyn did her duty courteously by Mrs. Ingleby's guests, who that night were not very numerous, and if she spent a little more time in talking to Cosmo Heron than to any of the others, she merely exercised that freedom of choice which we all claim for ourselves. But perhaps her manner might have been

a shade colder and more repressive if she had known how preternaturally sharpened by fear and friendship were the eyes that were watching them both.

As Cosmo's friend, and a man clever enough to be interesting in himself, she had distinguished Mr. Pierce by a little extra attention, so he need not have felt any pangs of jealousy to quicken his perceptions. But perhaps he only felt the difference between friendly courtesy and that nameless light of sympathy and appeal that was in her eyes when they met Cosmo's.

He had had a good deal of experience of life, though of late he had let himself drop into the ways of a recluse. He knew what platonic friendship generally means, especially when one of the parties is already married; how common it is, and how sometimes it ends in tragedy, and oftener in bathos or tragic-comedy, and memories huddled away in mortification and shame. And there are some people for whom those who care for them at all instinctively dread any lowering experience however common, knowing how tragically they will take it, and how they will chafe against the inevitable, like those wild birds that, once caged, dash themselves to death against the wires. It was not easy to imagine Cosmo behaving lightly or heartlessly, either to the lovely child he had made his wife or to the beautiful woman who had apparently set her fancy upon him; but it was very easy to imagine him wrecking his peace of mind between them, as he had already ruined his worldly prospects.

Geoffrey Pierce saw it all, as he stood in a quiet corner of Mrs. Ingleby's drawing room. He saw the old miserable story reacted, as he had seen it so often before, but with a difference; and he swore that it ought to be prevented, asking himself despairingly how and by whom; and then finally before the evening was over, he came to a resolution worthy of Cosmo himself for imaginative Quixotry.

CHAPTER XV.

LESS than a week after that evening, as Miss Armitage sat alone one afternoon, Mr. Pierce was shown into the drawing-room.

"Fortune favours me," he said as soon as their greetings were exchanged. "I have not time to form elaborate plans or to carry them out; but I wanted to find you alone, and I have done it."

Evelyn looked at him, puzzled and surprised. The words might have been meant for a far-fetched compliment, but she had thought him too much of a gentleman for that, and his manner was far more business-like than complimentary.

"Excuse me," he said. "I am going to be very unconventional, if nothing worse; and our time is so short, that I feel I may as well begin as I am going on. I shall inevitably make you angry, and I am more loth to do that than you can guess; but it cannot be helped."

"How are you going to make me angry, Mr. Pierce?" she asked a little haughtily, not because she was already angry, but because she hated to be bewildered.

"I am going to interfere in what is no business of mine, and to criticise your conduct in a way no woman ever forgives. I am going to ask whether you think that a man who from any cause is parted from his wife can with safety have a young and beautiful woman for his friend?"

"It ought to be possible, Mr. Pierce," answered Evelyn with much composure.

"Perhaps; but I think it is not, —in this world. And I think that when Providence has given to women certain dangerous weapons they ought to be careful how they use them."

"Do you mean to imply that I have not been careful enough?"

"I do. Not that I wish to impute much blame to you. I dare say you meant no harm; but it is likely

enough that you may have done harm, and that you may do more."

"I am grateful for your good opinion! And what do you expect will be the result of this extraordinary conversation?"

"In the first place, you will never speak to me again, and that will be a severer punishment than you can imagine. But in the second place—well, I have a little hope, in spite of a life's experience of the truth of the saying that 'no man can deliver his brother.'"

"A little hope of what?"

"That you will remember my words and act upon them, after all,—that you will not lead a man to follow you on to ground where he cannot walk safely though you may,—that you will be too tender-hearted to risk bringing another trouble into a life that is hard enough already."

"Do you think then that my friendship could only bring a man trouble?" She did not seem angry. She smiled as she lifted her eyes from the work with which she was pretending to be busy, and the light of that smiling, questioning glance went through and through him, as she willed it should, making him change colour and almost tremble as at a vision of what could not be.

"Friendship!" he said recovering himself. "If you could tell me that your friendship is to Cosmo no more than a man's would be, and that you have never consciously or unconsciously made him feel your woman's weapons——"

"What then?"

"I should answer that you could not so deceive yourself; or that if you could, you would owe me thanks for having opened your eyes, though no woman could be expected to have generosity enough to pay them."

She smiled again. "You have not a high opinion of us. And do you really think me a Lady Clara who must be adjured to pray heaven for a human heart and let her foolish victim go?"

"Not at all; if I did I should not be tempted to make any such appeal, except for purposes of rhetoric. But a heartless woman is not dangerous. What I fear is lest in pity and in kindness you may set a man hankering for forbidden fruit. But there is no need for me to explain myself; you understand me very well. I will go now, and when I am gone you will begin to think that after all there is truth in what I have said. I know that you will think that, and act upon it, unless I have been very much mistaken in you; but that you should ever forgive me for having said it is more than I expect."

His words were plain and his manner curt and almost rough, as though he were too desperate to be careful how he spoke; but his eyes lingered on her face all the while, full of the yearning that he would not speak, pleading for pity and comprehension.

Miss Armitage thought fit to surprise him again by answering his involuntary look, rather than his wilful speech, with such a frank, kindly, yet almost sorrowful glance as never woman yet gave who was piqued or hurt. "I am going to show you," she said, "that you do not know women quite so well as you suppose. You said that no woman in such a case would thank you for warning her; but I do thank you. I think you have been very true to your friend, though a little hard on me. And I think you have spoken less kindly than you meant."

"How did you guess that?" he asked rather stupidly.

She just glanced round again with an odd little twist of the lips that said, "Do you think I would tell you that, even if I could?" and was silent a moment, with hands lying idle in her lap. "Yes," she said at last; "I suppose I ought to thank you. You have shown me the man's point of view. I knew that the situation had risks, but I thought I could manage it. You have shown me that in your estimation the risks are too great to

be worth running, and you ought to know best. So ends a pleasant episode, and my dream of being a true friend to a man who has not so many friends as he deserves."

Her little half-repressed sigh told of a real regret, but perhaps if it had been keener she would not have let him see it, and perhaps it was qualified, at least for the time, by the fact that a new interest had arisen just as she seemed likely to be deprived of the old.

Geoffrey Pierce was not deeply versed in women's wiles; but he distrusted a victory that seemed too easily won. "Do you really mean that it is to end at once?" he asked.

"Possibly; but I am not bound to make any promises. The kind of woman you have in your mind, Mr. Pierce, would promise, and would keep her promise to the ear only to break it to the sense."

"How do you know what kind of woman I have in my mind?" he asked almost fiercely. "I came here to plead for my friend, but do you think I am not pleading for you too, entreating you to be what you were meant to be, some man's guiding star, instead of a false light to lead another to destruction? Oh, I know I am too bold, on so brief an acquaintance, to ask you to be yourself. How should I know what you are like? But I do know it, and you feel and know that I am right."

There is no courage so desperate as that of a shy man who has once broken through the crystal wall of his shyness. Geoffrey Pierce at that moment could speak out his inmost thought, and was reckless as to what his hearer thought of him. Perhaps it was just as well that he did not know her fancy for men who could interest her, and how interesting he himself was to her at that moment. A little hope of pleasing her would have made him tremble and hesitate, but despair made him bold.

Before either had time to say another word there was a little bustle

in the hall, and Mrs. Ingleby entered, bringing with her an acquaintance whom she had encountered near her own door.

Geoffrey had not come there to see Mrs. Ingleby, and might have taken his departure shortly with no attempt to make himself agreeable to her; but he fancied, quite untruly, that after such a conversation as they had had Miss Armitage might not find it easy to make talk for newcomers. So he stayed on her account, and made the talk himself, talking better than usual under the stress of excitement and emotion that stirred his pulses. In his profession he could have no lack of subjects, when he chose to take the trouble to speak unremuneratively what he might have written at so much per line. And Mrs. Ingleby, liking men who could amuse her and tell her some new thing, was delighted with the new acquaintance, whom she had somehow overlooked on his former visit, and on his rising to go pressed him cordially to come again.

To her he gave thanks but no promise; to Evelyn his eyes said plainly as he shook hands with her, "Shall I come?" "If you choose,—if you dare,—if you will!" her eyes said in answer, as she moved a few steps towards the door of the room, and then they took leave of one another with a sort of friendly defiance, as those who feel that in the dispute between them the last word has not yet been said on either side.

It is quite possible that Geoffrey Pierce's unconventional interference merely forestalled the inevitable; for Evelyn Armitage was neither foolish enough not to foresee one possible consequence of what she had confessed to be playing with fire, nor wicked enough to desire it. In a sort of desperation of *ennui* she had been quite willing to risk a heartache for herself, but she had by no means come to the point of finding enlivenment in another's suffering. She thought Mr. Pierce officious, but forgave him on

account of his courage, and on account of something else that had been incidentally quite apparent. His warning had spoiled her satisfaction in her new amusement, and made her conscience too uneasy to let her persevere in it. The risk could not be so great, she thought, as he imagined; but it would never do to be obliged, some miserable day, to blush before him, and feel that he was thinking, "I warned you of this."

None the less she was very sorry. It had been pleasant to talk to Cosmo Heron, to lead him to confide in her, to feel that her friendship was one bright spot in a life that had very few. Pleasant it was too, though even less safe, to feel that she understood him better than father, or brother, or wife, and to be aware that she was altogether perfect in his eyes, even if his fancy did not, like hers, stray into a region of impossible contingencies, and speculate with melancholy pleasure as to what might have been if she had been ten years younger or he ten years older; if they had met sooner, or if all the circumstances of their lives had been quite unlike the reality. Now there must be an end of all that, if a mere spectator could see what she had been trying to persuade herself was not there to be seen. And if Cosmo was hurt, if she had to seem to be hard on one upon whom life had been so hard already, it was no fault of hers, but of his too-careful friend who would not let him have a present solace for fear it might cost him something in the end.

Of course Miss Armitage made no scene of explanation, such as Geoffrey Pierce's headlong masculine directness had drawn her into; but none the less she made her meaning evident. And Cosmo left Mrs. Ingleby's house, after his next visit there, feeling baffled, perplexed, and disappointed; assured that he had in no way given offence, but smilingly put back from his position as confidential friend into a mere acquaintance, one who never had or

could have a claim to be anything more.

Thinking it over he could see no reason for it, but could not doubt the fact; could hardly say what looks or words had given him the impression, but only grew the more sure of it the more he tried to persuade himself that it might be his own fancy, or at worst the caprice of the moment in her. Well, no doubt he had been wearisome. He had presumed too much upon her kindness and sympathy, and had been led to talk too much of himself and his own interests; and she had very naturally grown weary of his talk and of him. And so that was over,—gone the way of all pleasant things; and friendship had proved as broken a reed as love. To a happier man it would have been a sting of mortification, a subject that he could not easily dismiss from his thoughts, and that yet irked him to think of. But Cosmo was very young and not at all happy, and he had lost too much of late to be able cheerfully to lose anything more, however slight and intangible a possession. He was like a man who had been fighting the darkness of Egypt with the help of a farthing candle. It had been a poor illumination doubtless, but it was out, and he measured his regret for it by the gloom in which it had left him.

And so he reached his lodging that night and shut himself in there with a sort of consciousness of having come to a crisis of his fate; the desperate feeling which we have most of us known, that things have come to the worst and yet will not and cannot mend, that life is unendurable and yet must go on. There is, moreover, something painfully familiar to us all in the way in which one half-confessed annoyance will deepen all the other shades of life. Because Miss Armitage had seemed inclined to throw him over, Cosmo suddenly found himself unable to shut his eyes any longer to the many more important troubles for which he had hitherto gallantly disdained to pity himself. He could

no longer hide from himself that his self-sacrifice had been a mistake throughout,—useless, unrequited, even ridiculous. He could no longer persuade himself that Edmund had any real regard for his opinion, or found his presence any check, or even any comfort. He could no longer make himself think that he did not mind poverty, that dusty sordid lodgings, and ill-cooked food, and perpetual small economies were anything but hateful to him.

As for Althea, the thought of her was worst of all, for to her he had acted the part of the tempter; he had made her sell her freedom for a dream, and her pure young soul for ease and comfort and a life of luxury. He had tried not to despise her, but the only way to avoid doing so was to lay the blame on his own shoulders, and they were sorely burdened already.

He looked round the dreary little room, with its barren poverty, its tawdry ornament, and for the first time allowed his eyes to tell him what it was really like. Not a labourer's cottage in Ernston but was a homely palace compared with this hopeless vulgarity: the cheap furniture already shabby though the raw newness was not off it; the terrible works of art upon the walls; the faded cotton table-cloth of various shades of magenta, which his landlady had added to her decorative stock in her joy at having secured a permanent lodger, and which had already seen its best days; the musty curtains reminiscent of the nightly pipes of many lodgers, and upon which time could now do no more.

He knew now that he loathed it all, that his surroundings fretted and worried him, making work difficult and repose impossible; and he despised himself for caring about such trifles. But that was not the sting of it. In some circumstances he would have cared little for the outward aspect of this prison that he had made for himself, and the bread and water of affliction would have been savoury

fare enough. In this hour of his discouragement he put the matter to himself with brutal plainness, and told himself that he had given everything,—his youth, his light heart, his hopes of love and happiness, as well as those worldly prospects which he valued less—for one who did not care, and could not understand, and would be none the better for the sacrifice.

The brothers had few tender memories of childhood in common. They had been parted so much and so long that it was possible for Cosmo, when he chose to do so, to stand aloof and judge Edmund as he might have judged a stranger. He chose to do it now for the first time; for the first time recalled his father's predictions and his mother's warnings without a mental protest against them, even with a sort of bitter acquiescence. If he had been a young unlesioned fool, whose elders had known better than he did, what was there strange in that? Yet still anger and pity seemed

to tear his heart in two. How easy it was to blame Edmund; and yet as unreasonable as to blame a drowning man for the struggles that only drag down to destruction those who would try to save him.

And now, having given up hope in Edmund, what prospect was there, but an advancing tide of ruin rising to engulf the little stranded bark of the family fortunes? True, his own private skiff was still at his disposal, but what was the good of that, since it would hold none but himself?

He did not look, as he sat brooding there, like a man who would be readily brought to abandon a resolve or go back from the word pledged to himself. But on his young face had lately come some lines very like those that scored his father's dark, strong features, lines that in the older man told of a trouble that would not heal, of pride that would not yield, and of wrath that could neither forgive nor forget.

(To be continued.)

OUR OBLIGATIONS TO ARMENIA.

IN view of the despatch of a Commission of Inquiry to investigate the truth of the alleged outrages in Armenia, it may be interesting to consider the exact degree of obligation incurred by the British Government to that country and its people. It is in a sense fortunate that the record of our duties is to be found in the precise terms of treaties and diplomatic correspondence, and not in the less definable region of verbal undertakings.

Two things have to be noted in this matter. The first is the negative action of the British Government, or, in other words, the step which it has prevented Russia from taking; the next is its positive obligations to the Armenians.

In regard to the first consideration, it is to be noted that the British Government, in concert with the other Great Powers, refused to allow the Treaty of San Stefano to determine the future relations of Russia towards Turkey and towards the Armenian and other Christian subjects of the Porte. Now the Treaty of San Stefano of the 3rd of March, 1878, contained the following stipulations: "*Art. XVI.* As the evacuation by the Russian troops of the territory which they occupy in Armenia, and which is to be restored to Turkey, might give rise to conflicts and complications detrimental to the maintenance of good relations between the two countries, the Sublime Porte engages to carry into effect, without further delay, the improvements and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their security from Kurds and Circassians."

It is tolerably clear that the evacuation of Armenia would have been regarded as dependent on the Turkish

introduction of reforms "without further delay;" inasmuch as it is asserted by way of preamble that an evacuation without the reforms would be detrimental to the maintenance of good relations between Russia and Turkey. It will be seen presently that the sixty-first article of the Treaty of Berlin contains no stipulations capable of being interpreted in that sense; and it is to be remembered that but for British interposition the Treaty of San Stefano would necessarily have regulated the treaty rights of Armenians.

But the matter does not rest here. At the Congress of Berlin, in July, 1878, when the question of the revision of this article of the Treaty of San Stefano was under consideration, it was proposed by the Russian plenipotentiary that the Russian evacuation of Armenian territory was to be made expressly dependent on the Turkish introduction of governmental reforms. That is to say, Russia proposed to re-exact the stipulations of the Treaty of San Stefano in regard to the Armenians, and at the same time to guard against any possible doubt that their territory would be evacuated before the new governmental system had been actually established by the Porte. Lord Salisbury opposed the inclusion of such a stipulation (Protocol No. 12 of the Congress of Berlin, 4th of July, 1878). The British Plenipotentiary no doubt considered that the condition was unnecessary, in view of the solemn pledge about to be exacted from Turkey by the Great Powers that these reforms should be introduced; and in view also of the special obligation undertaken by Turkey towards Great Britain, embodied in the Cyprus Convention. This latter obligation was to generally ameliorate the

condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte in Asia. Lord Salisbury, remembering with good reason that in regard to military occupations, more especially those of Russia, *le provisoire est le plus permanent*, naturally was unwilling to afford a pretext for further annexation. At the same time, it is clear that, if the Russian proposal to leave the Treaty of San Stefano unchanged in this respect had not been opposed by the British delegates, the reforms in the government of Armenia would long since have been introduced. The Porte, in its anxiety to get rid of a Russian occupation, would have acted with vigour and promptness, and it would not be found in 1895, seventeen years after the Treaty of Berlin, that its promise in regard to the Armenians remained a dead letter.

Passing now from consideration of the negative action of the British Government, we come to consider its positive undertakings. These are to be found, first, in the general Treaty of Berlin, signed by the Austrian, British, German, Russian, French, Italian, and Turkish Governments, on July 13th, 1878, and in a separate convention between Great Britain and Turkey, bearing date June 4th, 1878, commonly styled the Cyprus Convention.

The sixty-first article of the Treaty of Berlin provides that "The Sublime Porte undertakes to carry out without further delay the improvements and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and Kurds. It will periodically make known the steps taken to this effect to the Powers, who will superintend their application." It will be seen here that the British Government, in common with the other Great Powers, distinctly undertakes to superintend the application of the promised reforms in the administration of Armenia. It cannot be contended that this promise was meant to bind the Powers to nothing.

If it be objected that the Armenians, not being a party to the Treaty of Berlin, have no international right to demand its enforcement, it might be enough to say that a merely technical objection of the kind would be more in place in the law-courts than in the more reasonable atmosphere of diplomatic discussion. But it will be seen that it is clearly pressing technicalities further even than legal precision would admit, when it is considered that this promise by the Great Powers to superintend the execution of the reforms in Armenia was the inducement held out to Russia to waive that stronger security for the introduction of these reforms which it already possessed by its military occupation of the country. Great Britain and the other Powers said in effect to Russia and the Armenians: "Let the Russian troops retire; their presence is unnecessary; we guarantee to superintend the introduction of such reforms in the government of Armenia as will provide for the safety of the people." Even the most technical jurist could not for a moment maintain that a promise made in such circumstances was made "without consideration." Europe deprived the Armenians of the guarantee which the presence of Russian troops afforded them, and Europe is therefore bound to make good its promise of a substitute.

The special obligations of the British Government to the Armenians, over and above those acknowledged by the Treaty of Berlin, are to be ascertained from the Cyprus Convention. The Convention of Defensive Alliance between Great Britain and Turkey with regard to the Asiatic Provinces of the latter Power was signed at Constantinople on the 4th of June, 1878. Its first article is to this effect: "If Batoum, Ardahan, Kars, or any of them be retained by Russia, and if any attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia to take possession of any further territories of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan in Asia,

as fixed by the Definitive Treaty of Peace, England engages to join His Imperial Majesty the Sultan in defending them by force of arms. In return His Imperial Majesty the Sultan promises to England to introduce necessary reforms, to be agreed upon later between the two Powers, into the Government and for the protection of the Christian and other subjects of the Porte in these territories. And in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagements, His Imperial Majesty the Sultan further consents to assign the island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by England."

It will thus be seen that the British Government is under obligations and possesses rights in regard to the Armenians more extensive than those of any other Power. It promises to defend the Asiatic possessions of the Sultan against further Russian annexation; in other words, it engages to prevent the Armenians from obtaining redress for their grievances from the armies of the Czar. It furthermore, in justification of its first promise, engages to settle with the Porte the nature of the reforms necessary for the protection of the Christian subjects of the Porte in Asia. This last promise certainly has not as yet been made good.

The sense in which the promise of the Porte in the Cyprus Convention was understood by the British Government may be seen from the following extract from a despatch from Lord Salisbury to Mr. Layard, Ambassador at Constantinople, dated the 30th of May, 1878: "Her Majesty's Government intimated to the Porte on the occasion of the Conference at Constantinople that they were not prepared to sanction misgovernment and oppression, and it will be requisite, before they can enter into any agreement for the defence of the Asiatic territories of the Porte in certain eventualities, that they should be formally assured of the intention of

the Porte to introduce the necessary reforms into the government of the Christian and other subjects of the Porte in their regions. It is not desirable to require more than an engagement in general terms; for the specific measures to be taken could only be defined after more careful inquiry and deliberation than could be secured at the present juncture. It is not impossible that a careful selection and a faithful support of the individual officers to whom power is to be intrusted in these countries would be a more important element in the improvement of the condition of the people than even legislative changes; but the assurances required to give England a right to insist on satisfactory arrangements for these purposes will be an indispensable part of any agreement to which Her Majesty's Government could consent."

Notwithstanding the sense in which the deliberate undertaking of the Porte expressed in the Cyprus Convention was understood by the British Government, and notwithstanding the pledge of the Great Powers in the Treaty of Berlin to superintend the introduction of reforms in Armenia, nothing has been done on the part of Turkey to perform its pledge, or on the part of the Powers to compel performance. The only approach to the joint action which circumstances would have been expected to demand from the Great Powers is to be found in the Identical Note of the 11th of June, 1880. This Note was addressed to the Porte by the Representatives of the Powers who were parties to the Treaty of Berlin, and regards the neglect by the Porte to execute certain provisions of that Treaty. The British copy, which is signed by Mr. Goschen, contains the following references to Armenia: "By Article LXI. of the Treaty of Berlin of the 13th of July 1878, the Sublime Porte undertook to carry out without further delay the improvements and administrative reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by the

Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the attacks and the violence of the Circassians and Kurds, and periodically to make known the steps taken to this effect to the Powers who are to superintend their application. So far as H.M. Government are aware, nothing has been done by the Sublime Porte to make known the steps which it may have taken in order to meet the stipulations of Article LXI. of the Treaty of Berlin; nor have any measures been adopted by the Porte for the superintendence to be exercised by the Powers. All the reports furnished by the Agents of the Powers show that the state of these provinces is deplorable, and H.M. Government cannot admit that the clauses of the Treaty of Berlin relating to the amelioration of this state of things should remain any longer a dead letter. They are convinced that only united and incessant pressure on their part will induce the Sublime Porte to fulfil its duties in this respect. Her Majesty's Government, therefore, as one of the Signatory Powers of the Treaty of Berlin, must demand the complete and immediate execution of Article LXI. of that Treaty; and call upon the Government of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan to state explicitly what the steps are which they have taken in order to fulfil the provisions of the Article."

No satisfactory reply seems ever to have been received to this unanimous demand of the Signatory Powers. It is true that it was announced on the 6th of February 1882 that a scheme of reform had been prepared by the Turkish Government; but that scheme, like the sixty-first article of the Treaty, has ever since remained a dead letter.

The situation has now assumed a new aspect. The incessant recurrence of outrages by Kurds and Circassians seems to have culminated in an unusual outbreak in the autumn of 1894. At last the Signatory Powers of the Treaty of Berlin appear to

have decided to enforce the provisions relating to the Armenians. The despatch of British, Russian, and French Commissioners to assist at the inquiry to be held by the Turkish authorities seems likely to end in decisive action. The offered participation of the United States is not the least remarkable of the incidents which have occurred. It is true that the incident seems to have received a somewhat exaggerated interpretation at the hands of certain portions of the Continental press. It has been represented as an interference in a matter with which the United States can have no concern, apart from considerations of common humanity; and that it constitutes a complete departure from the Monroe Doctrine, which hitherto has guided the action of American diplomacy. These criticisms are based on more than one misconception. The burning of the American college at Marsovan in 1893 is in itself a sufficient proof that the United States are not altogether unconcerned in the good government of Armenia. But apart from this, it is a misrepresentation, or a misconception, of the Monroe Doctrine which regards that canon of American statecraft as precluding the United States from participating in the international concert of the European race. The message of President Monroe in 1823 was only in substance a protest against the interference for the restoration of the Spanish monarchy in South America projected by the European Congress of Verona in 1822. The doctrine, as still acted on, only announces the resolve of the United States to resist any attempt of European Powers to alter the constitution of American States. On the other hand, the settled practice of the United States (which has nothing in common with the Monroe doctrine) in refraining from interference in the dynastic quarrels of European States has never been more than a self-imposed ordinance which can be disregarded at any moment. It can have no bearing on the right of America to intervene in

such questions as the Armenian, which, like the Slave Trade, affect all nations concerned with the progress of civilisation and the claims of common humanity. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the proffered action of the United States is another testimony of the growing perception of the solidarity of the European race all over the world.

Of possible schemes of rearrangement for the better government of Armenia, two alone seem to deserve serious consideration. There is no use, for the present at least, of considering the desirability of Russian annexation, and British annexation is equally out of the question. The two feasible schemes are, first, that of Nubar Pasha, published in 1878, of which the main features are to be traced in the abortive official programme of 1882; and, next, the transformation of Turkish Armenia into an autonomous principality under the suzerainty of the Sultan.

The scheme of Nubar Pasha, himself an Armenian subject of the Porte, provides for the appointment of a Governor-General with the sanction of the Great Powers; the protection of the Armenians against the Kurds and Circassians by the creation of a local force of police, equally composed of Christians and Mussulmans; the establishment of impartial judicial tribunals, with jurisdiction over public officials; the conferring on Armenians of power to tax themselves for local purposes; and the creation of District Assemblies of Notables, which in their turn are to nominate a General Assembly of Armenia. The Governor-General should be a Christian and an Armenian, and his term of office should be guaranteed for six or seven years. The preliminary sanction of the Great Powers finds a precedent in the similar sanction now required for the appointment of the Governor of Lebanon. He should have authority over the Imperial forces in Armenia, and the appointment of officers of the local

police. The organisation of regular courts of justice, and provision for their impartiality and independence, is of as great importance as the appointment of the Governor-General. A strong foreign element should be introduced into the tribunals, so as to insure those desirable qualities. The right of taxing themselves for local expenses, such as those of the police, the courts of justice, schools, public works, would be necessary to place the new organisation on a practical footing. As regards the Local Assemblies, the District Assemblies should in the first instance be nominated by the Governor-General and the District Governors. The General Assembly, elected by the District Assemblies, should at first be intrusted merely with the function of apportioning to each district its proper burden of taxation. At a future date, fuller experience and the gradual development of the social condition of the province will furnish data for establishing some definite system for the election of these Councils, as well as for the extension of the functions intrusted to them.

It may be safely said that this draft reform of Nubar Pasha represents the minimum of the changes which Europe will demand to be introduced into the government of Turkish Armenia. It leaves intact the directing power of the Sultan in Imperial matters, and so will commend itself to those most convinced of the necessity of maintaining Turkish rule as a barrier against Russian annexation. It may be expected, therefore, that this scheme, or one substantially the same, will form the basis of the recommendations which will result from the present Commission of Inquiry.

At the same time, if it be thought desirable to settle once for ever the Armenian question, and not to leave the door open to embittered controversies which may at any moment plunge Europe into a general war, it may be worth considering whether the foregoing project of reform is suffi-

ciently complete. As a barrier to Russian aggression it is to be feared that the reconstituted province would prove ineffectual. Too many possibilities of official oppression would remain so long as the Imperial military forces were manned and officered under the controlling influence of Constantinople. Armenia would still be led to cast her eyes over the border, and to rely on the ever-present resource of an appeal to the good offices of the Czar. Whereas, the experience of Bulgaria has shown us that the interposition of a practically self-ruling principality, from which Turkish troops are withdrawn, stirs the local patriotism of the region to such a pitch that no scheme of Russian annexation will ever receive local support. This was the case in Bulgaria, which was as Slav as Russia; much more would it be the case in Armenia, where the population is not Slav.

It is no doubt true that mere jealousy of Russia should not dominate the policy of British or European statesmen, to the exclusion of all recognition of the great part Russia has played and is playing in the

spreading of European ideas in Asia. But it may be taken as granted that the steady determination of Europe, perceived by no one more clearly than by the first Bonaparte as the wisest policy for France, to prevent a Russian domination in the Levant, is not going to be abandoned. The ultimate interests of the Russian as of all European nations are bound up with that policy, which guarantees the liberty of all Europe. Universal domination of the Czar would be good for Russia no more than for the rest of Europe.

From this point of view, therefore, as well as from that of British interests involved in the maintenance of the Mediterranean waterway to India and the East, the creation of an autonomous principality in Armenia seems the readiest and at the same time the most permanent settlement of a controversy which, so long as it remains unsettled, is a standing menace to the security of all the people of Europe and of the wider concert of the States of the European race throughout the world.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NEARLY seventy years ago Macaulay expressed a doubt whether Southey's poems would be read in half a century, but was certain that, if read, they would be admired. The doubt has certainly been justified; the certainty may seem more than a little doubtful. Southey's character, which was once subjected to the most unjust, though not perhaps the most unintelligible, obloquy, has long been cleared; and those who most dislike his matured views in political and ecclesiastical matters are the first to admit that few English men of letters have a more stainless record. His prose style, the merits of which were indeed never denied by any competent judges, has won more and more praise from such judges as time went on. But he is less read than ever as a whole, and his poems are the least read part of him. These poems, which the best critics of his own generation admired; on which he himself counted, not in boastfulness or in pique, but with a serene and quiet confidence, to make him as much exalted by the next age as he thought himself unduly neglected by his own; which extorted a grudging tribute even from the prejudice of Byron,—now find hardly any readers, and fewer even to praise than to read. Even among the few who have read them, and who can discern their merits, esteem rather than enthusiasm is the common note; and esteem is about the most fatal sentiment that can be accorded to poetry.

It is of the prose rather than of the verse that Macaulay's prognostication has been thoroughly fulfilled. *THE LIFE OF NELSON* represents it a little less forlornly, but with hardly less injustice than *THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM* and one or two other things represent the verse in the public memory. The

stately quartos of *THE HISTORY OF BRAZIL* and *THE PENINSULAR WAR*, the decent octavos of *THE COLLOQUIES ON THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY* and *THE BOOK OF THE CHURCH*, the handy little duodecimos of *ESPRIELLA* and *OMNIANA*, with all the rest, have to be sought in catalogues and got together, not indeed with immense research (for none of them is exactly rare), but with some trouble and delay. In any other country a decent if not a splendid complete edition would long ago have enshrined and kept on view work so admirable in style always, frequently so excellent in mere substance, so constantly enlivened with flashes of agreeable humour or hardly less agreeable prejudice, and above all informed by such an astonishing knowledge of books. Johnson may have been fitted to grapple with whole libraries; but Southey did grapple with them, his industry being as notoriously untiring as the great Lexicographer's was notoriously intermittent.

Even in the article of biography the same malign, and to some slight degree mysterious, fate has pursued him. His life was extremely uneventful; but, except for the great catastrophe of Sir Walter's speculative career, it was not much more uneventful than Scott's. He was a delightful, though a somewhat too copious letter-writer; he knew at all times of his life some of the most interesting people of the day; and scanty as were his means he was a hospitable host and an untiring cicerone in a country flooded every year with tourists. But he was as unlucky in his biographers as Scott and Byron were lucky. Cuthbert Southey appears to have been an excellent person of good taste and fair judgment, but possessed of no great

literary skill in general, and of no biographical genius in particular; while he had the additional disadvantage of being the youngest child, born too late to know much of his father, or of his father's affairs during earlier years. Dr. Warter, Southey's son-in-law, had more literary ambition than Cuthbert; but he was deficient in judgment and in the indispensable power of selecting from the letters of a man who seems often to have written much the same things to three or four correspondents on the same day. The result is that though *THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE* is a charming book as a book, with portraits and frontispieces showing the dead and delightful art of line-engraving at its best, and though both it and *THE SELECTED LETTERS* are full of interest, that interest is, in the ten volumes and perhaps five thousand pages of the two, so frittered and duplicated, watered down and wasted, that only patient and skilled extractors can get at it. An abridgment, putting the life together in Southey's own words, has, I believe, been executed, and by no incompetent hand; but there is always a curse on abridgments. And besides, the charm of a biography consists hardly more in the actual autobiographic matter, found in letters or otherwise, than in the connecting framework. It is because Boswell and Lockhart knew how to execute this framework in such a masterly fashion that their books possess an immortality which even the conversations of Johnson, even the letters of Scott, could not have fully achieved by themselves.

Southey, for whose early years there is practically no source of information but an autobiographic fragment written rather late in life, and dwelling on detail with interesting though rather disproportionate fulness, was born in Wine Street, Bristol, on the 12th of August 1774. His birthday gave him, according to an astrological friend, "a gloomy capability of walking through desolation," but does not

seem to have carried with it any sporting tendencies. At least his only recorded exploit in that way is the eccentric, and one would think slightly hazardous, one of shooting wasps with a horse-pistol loaded with sand. His father, also a Robert, was only a linendraper, but the Southeys, though, as their omnilegent representative confesses, "so obscure that he never found the name in any book," were Somerset folk of old date and entitled to bear arms. They had moreover actual wealth in the possession of one of their members, the poet's uncle John Cannon Southey, and expectations in the shape of estates entailed upon them in default of the male heirs of Lord Somerville. Southey, however, never benefited by either, for his uncle's fortune went out of the family altogether, and it turned out that Lord Somerville had somehow got the entail barred. His father, too, failed and died early, and all the family assistance that he ever had came from the side of his mother, Margaret Hill, who was pretty well connected. Her half-sister, Miss Tyler, extended a capricious and tyrannical protection to the boy in his extreme youth (turning him out of doors later on the score of Pantisocracy and Miss Fricker), while her brother Mr. Hill, a clergyman, was Southey's Providence till long after he reached manhood. After a childhood (unimportant though interesting to read about) in which he very early developed a passion for English literature, he was sent by his uncle to Westminster in the spring of 1788, and remained there with not much intermission till it was time for him to go to Oxford.

This latter translation, however, was not effected without alarms and excursions. Although Southey, neither as boy nor yet as man, was the kind of person thoroughly to enjoy or thoroughly profit by a public school, he was on the whole loyal to his own, and it produced a valuable and durable impression on him. The coarser and

more hackneyed advantage of "making friends" he had to the uttermost; for it was there that he made the acquaintance of Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, who was through life his patron as well as his friend, and of Grosvenor Bedford, his constant correspondent and intellectual double. He also profited as much as need be in the matter of education, though, as has happened with other boys who have gone to school with more general information than solid instruction, he was promoted rather too rapidly to become a thorough scholar in the strict sense. Nor did some rough experiences in his early days do him much if any harm. But the end of his stage was in a way unfortunate. Nothing could have less resembled the real man than his enemies' representation of him as a supple and servile instrument, keen to note and obstinate to seize the side on which his bread was buttered, and born to be a frequenter of "Mainchance Villa." As a matter of fact he was always an uncompromising and impracticable idealist, though with some safeguards to be noticed presently. In his last days at school he showed this quality just as he did twenty or forty years later, when he constantly struggled to write in *THE QUARTERLY REVIEW* as if he were sole proprietor, sole editor, and sole contributor thereof. It is needless to say that in his time, as earlier and later, any Westminster boy of ability rather above the average, and of tolerable character and conduct, had his future made plain by the way of Christ Church or Trinity as the case might be. But Southey must needs start a periodical called *THE FLAGELLANT*, whereof the very title was in the circumstances seditious, and in an early number made a direct attack on corporal punishment. This arousing the authorities, he confessed and expressed contrition; but the headmaster, Dr. Vincent, was implacable, and not only insisted on his leaving the school, but directly or indirectly caused Dean Cyril Jackson to refuse to

receive him even as a commoner at Christ Church. He matriculated at Balliol without demur in November 1792, going into residence in January. Perhaps, indeed, though his fortunes were now entering on a rather prolonged low tide, this particular ill luck was, even from the lowest point of view, not such very bad luck after all. At Christ Church even as a commoner, much more as a junior student, under such a Dean as Jackson, who bore the sword by no means in vain, a youngster of Southey's tone and temper, full of Jacobinism and all its attendant crazes, would have come probably, and rather sooner than later, to some signal mischance, even more decided and damaging to his prospects than the close of his Westminster career. At Balliol, though he was in no particularly good odour, they seem to have left him very much alone, not resenting even the shocking innovation of his wearing his hair uncropped and unpowdered in hall. His tutor, with perhaps more frankness than sense of duty, said to him, "Mr. Southey, sir, you won't learn anything by my lectures; so if you have any studies of your own, you had better pursue them." This he did by getting up at five o'clock in the morning to breakfast (one shudders to hear) on "bread and cheese and red wine negus," walking all over the country, learning to swim and to row, and associating chiefly with men of his old school. He seems to have kept terms or not with a casualty somewhat surprising even in that age of lax discipline and few or no examinations; and after about a year and a half of this sort of thing he ceased to reside at all. It is scarcely surprising that he should have felt very little affection for a place where he stayed so little and sat so loose; and long afterwards he notes that, though he was constantly dreaming of Westminster, he never dreamed of Oxford.

In fact he was busy with thoughts and schemes quite alien from the existing scheme, or indeed from any

possible scheme, of the university. He had made the acquaintance of Coleridge; his boyish friendship with the Miss Frickers had ripened into an engagement with one of them, Edith; he had, though the atrocities of the Terror had much weakened his Gallomania, written *JOAN OF ARC*, and he had plunged ardently into the famous schemes of "Pantisocracy" and "Aspheterism." Of these much has been heard, though I never could make out why, of these two characteristic specimens of Estesian language, Pantisocracy should have secured a place in the general memory which its companion has not. As Coleridge's many biographers have made known, Pantisocracy, a scheme for a socialist colony in Pennsylvania or Wales or anywhere, broke down; and it pleased Coleridge to consider that the blame was mainly Southey's. As a matter of fact it was impossible to start it without money, of which most of the Pantisocrats had none, and the others very little; and no doubt Southey, who, visionary as he still was, had some common sense and a very keen sense of what was due to others, saw that to attempt it would be cruel and criminal. While Coleridge had been ecstatically formulating his enthusiasm in such sentences as "America! Southey! Miss Fricker! Pantisocracy!" his more practical friend was inquiring of Mr. Midshipman Thomas Southey, his brother, "What do your common blue trousers cost?" Alas! when a man combines even an enthusiastic love for Aspheterism with a sense of the cost of common blue trousers, the end cannot be doubtful.

If, however, anybody imagined (and indeed the manufacturers of "Mr. Feathernest" did try to set up such a notion) that Southey relinquished his generous schemes of honest toil abroad for a life of pensioned and voluptuous infamy at home, it was a very vain imagination. For a time, in October 1794, and later, his prospects were about as little encouraging as those of any young man in England. He had

steadfastly resolved not to take Orders, the cardinal point of his benevolent uncle's scheme for him; his aunt turned him out of doors; his mother had nothing to give him; and his intended bride was penniless. His wants however were exceedingly modest, but fifty pounds a year. He delivered historical lectures at Bristol, lectures of the beautiful sweeping sort ("from the Origin of Society to the American War") which the intelligent undergraduate delights in; and they seem to have been not unsuccessful. John Scott, the future victim of that unlucky duel, undertook to find him journalism at a guinea and a half a week, though it is not clear that this ever came to anything. Cottle (Joseph of Bristol, the brother of Amos) gave him fifty guineas for *JOAN OF ARC* and as many copies of the book to get rid of by subscription. Lastly, Mr. Hill, his unwearied uncle, suggested that, as he would not take Orders, he should go to Lisbon (where Mr. Hill was chaplain) for six months to "simmer down," and should then read law. Southey consented, but, resolving to make desertion of his betrothed impossible, married Edith Fricker on November 14th, 1795, and parted from her at the church-door.

This marriage, and the Portuguese journey which immediately succeeded, may be said to have finally settled Southey's fortunes in life, young as he was at the time. He was never the man to shirk a responsibility, and though for some time to come he loyally attempted to read law, he soon made up his mind that it was never likely to give him a livelihood. On the other hand his visit to the Peninsula, with the interest thus created in its history and languages, gave him that central subject and occupation which is almost indispensable to a working man of letters (such as he was marked out to be and soon became) if he is not to be a mere bookseller's hack. Directly, indeed, Southey's Spanish and Portuguese books and studies were about the least

remunerative of all his mostly ill-paid work. The great HISTORY OF PORTUGAL, planned almost at once, never saw the light at all; and THE HISTORY OF BRAZIL, its more manageable offshoot and episode, was but an unprofitable book. But this visit to Lisbon, and another of somewhat longer duration which he took with his wife some years later, were of immense service. They thoroughly established his health, which had been anything but strong; they gave him, as has been said, a central subject to work upon in which he became an authority, and which served as tie-beam and king-post both to his multifarious work; and they furnished him with one of those invaluable stores of varied and pleasurable memory than which nothing is of more consequence to a man whose life is to be passed in apparently monotonous study. He more than once planned a third visit, but war, scanty finances, unceasing occupations, and other things prevented it; and though in his later years he took a fair allowance of holidays, not unfrequently on the Continent, he never returned to Cintra and the Arrabida and those charmed territories of the "Roi de Garbe" to which he looked back as a sort of earthly Paradise, for all his consciousness that neither the things nor the people there were in all ways very good.

Nor were many years to pass before he was established in the district with which his name is connected only less indissolubly than that of Wordsworth. He had indeed no special fancy for the Lakes, nor for their climate after that of Portugal, and for some years at least had great difficulty in reconciling himself to them; but he hated London, where, when he at last gave up the Bar, there was nothing particular to keep him; death and other chances weakened his ties to Bristol, and he had none elsewhere, while his fast-growing library made some permanent abode imperative. At last Coleridge, who had already settled himself at

Keswick in a house too large for him, pressed the Southneys to join him there. Mrs. Southey naturally was glad to have the company of her sister, and they went, at first for a short time, but soon took root. Meanwhile the chief practical question had been settled first by the acceptance from his friend Wynn, a man of means, of an annuity of £160, and, secondly, by much miscellaneous newspaper work in the form of poems and reviews. THALABA, which had been finished in Portugal, where THE CURSE OF KEHAMA, under the name of KERADON, was begun, brought him some fame, though his gains from this kind of work were always insignificant. But Southey, if he had expensive tastes, did not indulge them; his wife was an excellent manager (too excellent indeed, as the sequel was thought to show), and he contrived in some incomprehensible manner not only to keep out of debt, but to help his own family liberally and strangers with no sparing hand.

The sojourn at Keswick began in 1801, and only ceased with Southey's life, though immediately after his arrival an appointment, which he soon gave up, as secretary to Mr. Corry, the Irish official, interrupted it. Various attempts were made by himself and his friends to get him something better, but without success, and his own preferments, until quite late in his life Sir Robert Peel supplemented them with a fresh pension, were a government annuity of £200 a year (much reduced by fees), which enabled him to relinquish Wynn's, and which was given him by the Whigs in 1808, and the Laureateship in 1814 with its pay of rather less than £100 a year. Such were the ill-gotten gains for which, according to the enemy, "Mr. Feathernest" sold his conscience.

Although Southey was but seven-and-twenty when he settled at Keswick, and though he lived for more than forty years longer, it is as unnecessary as it would be impractic-

able to follow his life during this later period as minutely as we have done hitherto. The ply was now taken, the vocation distinctly indicated, and the means and place of exercising it more or less secured. Thenceforward he lived in laborious peace, disturbed only by the loss in 1816 of his beloved son Herbert, about ten years after by that of his youngest daughter Isabel, and later by the mental illness and death of his wife. He never recovered this last shock; and though he married again, his second wife being the poetess Caroline Bowles, it was as a nurse rather than as a wife that Edith's successor accepted him, and he died himself, after some years of impaired intelligence, on March 21st, 1843.

An almost extravagantly Roman nose (the other Robert, Herrick, is the only Englishman I can think of who excelled him in this respect) and an extreme thinness did not prevent Southey from being a very handsome man. His enemy Byron, who had no reason to be discontented with his own, declared that "to possess Southey's head and shoulders he would almost have written his *Sapphics*"; and, despite his immense labours and his exceedingly bad habit of reading as he walked, he was till almost the last strong and active. The excellence of his moral character has never been seriously contested by any one who knew; and the only blemish upon it appears to have been a slight touch of Pharisaism, not indeed of the most detestable variety which exalts itself above the publican, but of the still trying kind which is constantly inclined to point out to the publican what a publican he is, and what sad things publicans are, and how he had much better leave off being one. We know even better than was known fifty years ago what were Coleridge's weaknesses; yet it is impossible not to wish that Coleridge's brother-in-law had not written, and difficult not to wonder that Coleridge's nephew did not refrain from printing, certain elaborate letters of reproof, patronage,

and good advice. So, too, the abuse and misrepresentation which Byron, and those who took their cue from Byron, lavished on Southey were inexcusable enough; but again one cannot help wishing that he had been a little less heartily convinced of the utter and extreme depravity and wickedness of these men. But there was no humbug in Southey; there was a great deal of virtue, and a virtuous man who is not something of a humbug is apt to be a little of a Pharisee unless he is a perfect saint, which Southey, to do him justice, was not. On the contrary, he was a man of middle earth, who was exceedingly fond of gooseberry tart and black currant rum, of strong ale and Rhenish, who loved to crack jokes, would give his enemy at least as good as he got from him, and was nearly as human as any one could desire.

Of his alleged tergiversation little need be said. Everybody, whatever his own politics, who has looked into the matter has long ago come to the conclusion that it was only tergiversation in appearance. Southey once said that political writing required a logical attitude of mind which he had not; and this is so true that it was a great pity he ever took to it. From sympathising in a vague youthful way with what he imagined to be the principles of the French Revolution, he changed to a hearty detestation of its practice. His liking for the Spaniards and his dislike of the French turned him from an opponent of the war to a defender of it, and it was this more than anything else that parted him from his old Whig friends. In short he was always guided by his sympathies; and as he was never in his hottest days of Aspheterism anything like a consistent and reasoned Radical, so in his most rancorous days of reaction he never was a consistent and reasoned Tory.

Of his life, however, and his character, and even of his opinions, interesting as all three are, it is im-

possible to say more here. We must pass over with the merest mention that quaint freak of Nemesis which made a mysterious Dissenting Minister produce WAT TYLER from nobody knew where, and publish it as the work of a Tory Laureate twenty-three years after it was written by an undergraduate Jacobin, the oddity of the thing being crowned by Lord Eldon's characteristic refusal to grant an injunction on the ground that a man could not claim property in a work hurtful to the public, by this refusal assuring the free circulation of this hurtful work, instead of its suppression. And we can only allude to the not yet clearly intelligible negotiations, or misunderstandings, as to his succession to the editorship of *THE QUARTERLY REVIEW* when Gifford was failing. In these Southey seems to have somehow conceived that the place was his to take if he chose (which he never intended), or to allot to some one else as he liked; with the very natural result that a sort of bitterness, never completely removed and visible in the Review's notice of his life, arose between him and Lockhart after the latter's appointment. His selection by Lord Radnor (who did not know him) as member for Downton in the last days of rotten boroughs, and his election without his knowing it, was another odd incident. The last important event of his life in this kind was the offer of a baronetcy and the actual conferring of an additional pension of £300 by Peel, who, whatever faults he may have had, was the only Prime Minister since Harley who has ever taken much real interest in the welfare of men of letters.

But we must turn to the works; and a mighty armful, or rather several mighty armfuls, they are to turn to. The poems, which are the chief stumbling-block, were collected by Southey himself in ten very pretty little volumes in 1837-8. After his death they were more popularly issued in one, his cousin, the Rev. H. Hill, son by a late marriage of the uncle who had been so

good to him, editing a supernumerary volume of rather superfluous fragments, the chief of which was an American tale called *OLIVER NEWMAN*, on which Southey had been engaged for very many years. He had the good sense and pluck (indeed he was never deficient in the second of these qualities, and not often in the first) to print WAT TYLER just as the pirates had launched it after its twenty-three years on the stocks. It is very amusing, and exactly what might be expected from a work written in three days by a Jacobin boy who had read a good many old plays. Canning, Ellis, and Frere together could have produced in fun nothing better than this serious outburst of Wat's.

Think ye, my friend,
That I, a humble blacksmith, here in
Deptford,
Would part with these six groats, earned
with hard toil,
All that I have, to massacre the French-
men,
Murder as enemies men I never saw,
Did not the State compel me?

One would like to have heard Mr. Wopsle in this part. For the rest, the thing contains some good blank verse, and a couple of very pretty songs,—considerably better, I should think, than most other things of the kind published in the year 1794, which was about the thickest of the dark before the dawn of the *LYRICAL BALLADS*. *JOAN OF ARC*, Wat's elder sister by a year, though not published till a year after Wat was written, is now in a less virgin condition than her brother, Southey having made large changes in the successive (five) early editions, and others in the definitive one more than forty years after the first. Its popularity (for it was really popular) shows rather the dearth of good poetry at the time of its appearance than anything else. It displays very few of the merits of Southey's later long poems, and it does display the chief of all their defects, the defect which Coleridge, during the tiff over *Pantisocracy*, hit upon in a letter of

which the original was advertised for sale only the other day. This fault consists in conveying to the reader a notion that the writer has said, "Go to, let us make a poem," and has accordingly, to borrow the language of Joe Gargery's forge-song,

Beat it out, beat it out,
With a clink for the stout,

but with very little inspiration for the poetical. *JOAN OF ARC* is a most respectable poem, admirable in sentiment and not uninteresting as a tale in verse. But the conception is pedestrian, and the blank verse is to match.

Between this crude production and the very different *THALABA* which followed it at some years' distance, Southey wrote very many, perhaps most, of his minor poems; and the characteristics of them may be best noticed together. In the earliest of all it must be confessed that the crotchet of thought and the mannerism of style which drew down on him the lash of the *ANTI-JACOBIN* are very plentifully exhibited. A most school-boy Pindaric is *THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN*. The strange mixture of alternate childishness and pomposity which is almost the sole tie between the Lake Poets in their early work pervades all the Poems on the Slave Trade, the Botany Bay Eclogues, the Sonnets and the Monodramas. Even in the Lyrical Poems written at Bristol, or rather Westbury, in the years 1798-9, there would be no very noticeable advance if it were not for the delightful *HOLLY TREE*, from which Hazlitt has extracted the well-deserved text of a compliment more graceful than Hazlitt is usually credited with conceiving, and which, with the *STANZAS WRITTEN IN MY LIBRARY*, is Southey's greatest achievement as an occasional poet in the serious kind. His claims in the comic and mixed departments are much more considerable. *ABEL SHUFFLEBOTTOM* is fun, and being very early testifies to a healthy consciousness of the ridiculous. For

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his English Eclogues I have no great love; but it is something to say in their favour that they were the obvious inspiration of Tennyson's English Idylls as much in manner as in title. The Ballads with the much-discussed *DEVIL'S WALK* as an early outsider in one key, and the curious *ALL FOR LOVE* as a late one in another, have much more to be said for them than that in the same way they are the equally obvious originators of the *INGOLDSBY LEGENDS*. They are not easily criticised in a few words. In themselves they were not quite fatherless, for "Monk" Lewis, no great man of letters but something of a man of metre, had taught the author a good deal. They are nearly as unequal as another division of Southey's own verse, his Odes, of which it is perhaps sufficient to say here that they were remarkably like Young's, especially in the way in which they rattle up and down the whole gamut from sublimity to absurdity. The Ballads frequently underlie the reproach of applying Voltairean methods to anything in which the author did not happen to believe, while nothing made him more indignant than any such application by others to things in which he did believe,—a reproach urged forcibly by Lamb in that undeserved but not unnatural attack in *THE LONDON MAGAZINE* which Southey met with a really noble magnanimity. But at their best they are very original for their time, and very good for all time. *THE OLD WOMAN OF BERKELEY*, one of the oldest and perhaps the most popular in its day, is one of the best. It has a fair pendant in *BISHOP HATTO*, and the Bishop may meet the modern taste even better than the Old Woman. The *Fastrada* story is too much vulgarised in *KING CHARLEMAIN*, and it may be generally confessed of Southey that to the finest touches of romance he was rather insensitive, his nature lacking the "strange and high" feeling of passion. But he is thoroughly at home in *THE KING OF THE CROCODILES*. Everybody

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knows *THE INCHEAPE ROCK*, and *THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE*, and *THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM*; indeed it is very possible that they are the only things of Southey that everybody does know. The Spanish Ballads are not nearly so good as Lockhart's; but Lockhart had the illegitimate advantage of grafting Scott's technique on Southey's special knowledge. Nevertheless it may be said that all the ballads and metrical tales are to this day well worth reading, that both Scott and Byron owed them not a little, and that they indicate a vein in their author which might have been worked in different circumstances to even better advantage.

Still Southey's chief poetical claim is not here; and the best of the things as yet mentioned have been equalled by men with whom poetry was a mere occasional pastime. Of *THE VISION OF JUDGMENT* it cannot be necessary to say anything in detail. It is not so bad as those who only know it from Byron's triumphant castigation may think; but otherwise I can only suppose that the Devil, tired of Southey's perpetual joking at him, was determined to have his revenge, and that he was permitted to do so by the Upper Powers in consequence of the bumptious Pharisaism of the preface. *THE PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO* and *THE TALE OF PARAGUAY* are poetically no better though rather more mature than *JOAN OF ARC*; *MADOC* was admired by good men at its appearance, but frequent attempts, made with the best good will, have not enabled me to place it much higher than these.

RODERICK, the last of the long poems in blank verse, is also, I think, by far the best. The absence of pulse and throb in the verse, of freshness and inevitableness in the phrase and imagery, is indeed not seldom felt here also; but there is something which redeems it. The author's thorough knowledge of the details and atmosphere of his subject has vivified the details and communicated the atmosphere; the unfamiliarity and the romantic interest of the story

are admirably given, and the thing is about as good as a long poem in blank verse which is not of the absolute first class can be.

Of *THALABA* and *THE CURSE OF KEHAMA* we must speak differently. The one was completely written, the other sketched and well begun, in that second sojourn at Lisbon which was Southey's golden time:

When, friends with love and leisure,
Youth not yet left behind,
He worked or played at pleasure,
Found God and Goddess kind;

when his faculties, tolerably matured by study, were still in their first freshness, and when he had not yet settled down, and was not yet at all certain that he should have to settle down, to the dogged collar-work of his middle and later age. I have no hesitation as to which I prefer. The rhymeless Pindarics of *THALABA*, written while Southey was still under the influence of that anti-rhyming heresy which nobody but Milton has ever rendered orthodox by sheer stress of genius, are a great drawback to the piece; there are constant false notes like this of Maimuna,

Her fine face raised to Heaven,

where the commonplace adjective mars the passionate effect; and though the eleventh and twelfth books, with the journey to Domdaniel and the successful attack on it, deserved to produce the effect which they actually did produce on their own generation, the story as a whole is a little devoid of interest.

All these weak points were strengthened and guarded in *THE CURSE OF KEHAMA*; the greatest thing by far that Southey did, and a thing, as I think, really great, without any comparatives and allowances. Scott, always kind and well affected to Southey as he was, appears to me to have been a little unjust to this poem; an injustice which appears between the lines of his review of it, and in those of his reference to it in his biography. It is

perfectly true, as he suggests, that Southey was specially prone to the general weakness of insisting on and clinging to his own weakest points. But this foible as it seems to me is less, not more, obvious in *THE CURSE OF KEHAMA*. In the first place the poet has given up the craze for irregular blank verse, and the additional charm of rhyme makes all the difference between this poem and *THALABA*. In the second place the central idea,—the acquisition, through prescribed means, allowed by the gods, of a power greater than that of the gods themselves, by even the worst man who cares to go through the course—communicates a kind of antinomy of interest, a conflict of official and poetical justice which is unique, or, if not unique, rare out of Greek tragedy. The defeat of Kehama by his own wilful act in demanding the Amreeta-cup is as unexpected and as artistically effective as the maxim,

Less than Omniscience could not suffice
To wield Omnipotence,

is philosophically sound. Moreover the characters are interesting, at least to me. And then, to supplement these several attractions, there are, for the wicked men who love "passages," quite delectable things. The author pretended to think the famous and beautiful,

They sin who tell us love can die,

claptrap; if it be so, would he had sinned a little oftener in the same style. Nobody, except out of mere youthful paradox, can affect to undervalue the Curse itself. It is thoroughly good in scheme and in execution, in gross and in detail; there are no better six-and-twenty lines for their special purpose in all English poetry. But the finest scenes of the poem are ushered in by the description of the famous Sea City which Landor described over again in the best known of all his stately phrases in verse, and from this to the end there is no break. The scenes

in *Padalon* more especially want reading; they are in no need of praise when they have once been read, and a right melancholy thing it is to think how few probably have read them nowadays. *THE CURSE OF KEHAMA* may not place Southey in the very highest class of poets, if we demand those special qualities in the poet which distinguish certain of the greatest names. But it puts him in the very first rank of the second.

I am aghast when I see how little room is left for the enormous and interesting subject of Southey's prose. As has been said, there is no collected edition of it; and there could be none which should be complete. There are, it is believed, no documents for identifying his earlier contributions to newspapers and magazines; but he wrote nearly a hundred articles in *THE QUARTERLY REVIEW*, many in other Reviews, and the historical part (amounting to something like a volume on each occasion) of the *Edinburgh ANNUAL REGISTER* for three years. He translated or revised translations of *AMADIS*, *PALMERIN*, and the *CHRONICLE OF THE CID*. He edited the *MORTE D'ARTHUR*, Cowper's *Poems*, divers Specimens and Selections from English Poets, and other things. And of solid independent books in prose he published, besides the three biographies of Nelson, Wesley, and Bunyan, nearly a dozen substantive works, some of them of very great size. At the date of the first, the *LETTERS FROM SPAIN AND PORTUGAL* (1797), he had not outgrown (indeed he was only twenty-three) that immature pomposity of style which has been already referred to, and which is apparent both in his verse and in his letters of all this time. The *LETTERS FROM ENGLAND*, by Don Manuel Espriella, ten years later in date, are also at least ten years better in matter and form. The scheme, that of enabling Englishmen to see themselves as others see them, was indeed rather old-fashioned, and not of those things which are none the worse for being

a little out of fashion; but it is very pleasantly carried out, and I doubt whether there is anywhere a more agreeable picture of the country and its ways in the first decade of the century. It is surprising that it has not been reprinted. *THE OMNIANA*, which was to have been written by Southey and Coleridge together, but to which the latter made only a very small contribution, is less original, being a rather questionable cross between a commonplace-book (such as, after Southey's death, was actually issued in four huge volumes) and a "table-talk," or miscellany of short abstracts, summaries, comments, &c., of and on curious passages in books. *THE HISTORY OF BRAZIL* followed, the chief and, with *THE PENINSULAR WAR*, the only one actually erected of what Southey used fondly to call "my pyramids"—pyramids, alas! not often visited now, though still in existence, and solidly enough built and based. The latter suffered perhaps more than any other of Southey's books from the necessity which their author's poverty imposed on him of constantly laying them aside for the bread-winning work of the hour as it offered itself. This delay gave time for it to be caught up and passed by Napier's history, which, if as prejudiced on the other side, is an incomparably more brilliant and more valuable performance. However, *THE PENINSULAR WAR* was one of the few works of Southey's which brought him a solid sum of money,—a thousand pounds to wit. Neither *THE BOOK OF THE CHURCH* nor its appendix, the *VINDICLE ANGLICANÆ*, had any such satisfactory result, though both had a fair sale, and though both aroused considerable, if mainly angry, attention. In fact Southey seems to have been singularly unlucky in his monetary transactions, for reasons partly indicated by Scott in a passage given by Lockhart. The large comparative profits which Cottle's apparently venturesome purchase of *JOAN OF ARC* brought to the publisher, together with his own un-

shaken conviction of the lasting quality of his work, seem to have made Southey fall in love with, and obstinately cling to, the system of half-profits, which, in the case of not very rapid sales, has a natural tendency to become one of no profits at all. For his *Naval History*, or *LIVES OF THE ADMIRALS*, he was paid down, and very fairly paid; but I do not know that he made anything out of *THE DOCTOR*, his last, and one of his largest works, a quaint miscellany of reading, reflection, and humour, like a magnified *OMNIANA* with a thread of connection, which is, I believe, little read now, and which never was popular, but which a few tastes (my own included) regard as, for desultory reading, one of the most delightful books in English. Macaulay, who, politics apart, cannot be called an unfair critic of Southey, is unduly hard on his humour; but the temper of Macaulay's mind was always intolerant of nonsense, wherein Southey took a specially English delight.

The characteristics of this wide and neglected champaign of letters,—a whole province of prose, as it may be called, especially when we add the huge body of published letters—present the widest diversity of subject, and cannot fairly be said to suffer from any monotony of style. To some tastes in the present day, indeed, Southey may seem flat. He scornfully repudiated, on more than one occasion, the slightest attempt at decoration, and ostensibly limited his efforts to the production of clear and limpid sentences in the best classical English. Not that he was by any means alarmed at an appearance of neologism now and then. His merely playful coinages in *THE DOCTOR* and the *Letters* do not, of course, count; but precisian as he was, he was not of those precisians who will not have a word, however absolutely justified by analogy and principle, unless there is some definite authority for it. On the contrary, he took the sounder course of actually rejecting words

with good authority but bad intrinsic titles. His sentences are of medium length but inclining to the long rather than the short, and distinctly longer than the pattern which the gradually increasing love of anti-thetic balance had made popular in the eighteenth century. His most ornate attempts will be found in the descriptive passages of *THE COLLOQUIES*, a book which, though Macaulay's strictures are partly justified, is of extreme interest and beauty at its best, and is chiefly marred by the curiously unhappy selection of the interlocutor,—an instance, with the plan of *THE VISION OF JUDGMENT* and some other things, of a gap or weakness in Southey's otherwise excellent sense and taste. But in all his prose writings, no matter what they be, even in those unlucky political Essays, which he reprinted in two very pretty little volumes at the most unfortunate time and with the least fortunate result, he displays one of the very best prose styles of the century, perhaps the very best of the quiet and regular kind, unless Lockhart's, which is more technically faulty, be ranked with it.

In the case of no writer, however, is it more necessary to look at him as a whole, to take his prose with his verse, his writings with his history and his character, than in the case of Southey. Neither mere bulk nor mere variety can, of course, be taken as a voucher for greatness; a man is no more a good writer because he was a good man than because he was a bad one, which latter qualification seems to be accepted by some; and even learning and industry will not exempt a man from inclusion among the *dulli canes*, as Southey himself has it. But when all these things are found together with the addition of a rare excellence in occasional passages of verse, with the composition of at least one long poem which goes near to, if it does not

attain, absolute greatness, with an admirable prose style and a curious blending of good sense and good humour, then most assuredly the mass deserves at least equal rank with excellences higher in partial reach, but far smaller in bulk and range.

In the general judgment, perhaps, there is a certain reluctance to grant this. There is plausibility in asking not if a man can do many things well, but if he has done one thing supremely; and unquestionably it is dangerous to multiply the tribe of literary Jacks-of-all-trades. There is no fear, however, of an extensive multiplication of Southeys; happy were our state if there were any chance of it. For the man *knew* enormously; he could write admirably; it may be fairly contended that he only missed being a great poet by the constant collar-work which no great poet in the world has ever been able to endure; he had the truest sensibility with the least touch of the maudlin; the noblest sense of duty with not more than a very slight touch of spiritual pride. If he thought a little too well of himself as a poet, he was completely free alike from the morose arrogance of his friend Wordsworth and from the exuberant arrogance of his friend Landor. Only those who have worked through the enormous mass of his verse, his prose, and his letters can fully appreciate his merits; nor is it easy to conceive any scheme of collection that would be possible, or of selection that would do him justice. But if no one of the Muses can claim him as her best beloved and most accomplished son, all ought to accord to him a preference never deserved by any other of their innumerable family. For such a lover and such a practitioner of almost every form of literature, no literature possesses save English, and English is very unlikely ever to possess again.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE SANCHO PANZA OF MADAGASCAR.

If we are inclined to think lightly of France's new colonial adventure as something quixotic and ill-advised, it should be remembered that it is not the first time by any means that the great African island has turned, sober heads. We too have had our craze of Madagascar. It is a long-forgotten story, and so deeply buried under the accumulation of stirring events which first put it out of sight that a full knowledge of it is hard to come by. Yet it is certain that the project for the conquest of the Island of St. Lawrence, as we then sometimes called it from the Portuguese, was the most ambitious and magnificent colonial enterprise ever planned in England. So many great names, which were then and afterwards famous, had given it adherence, that we may fairly wonder how history might have been modified had the thing gone forward. For it was a failure,—still-born, in fact, and had to take its place, with Inigo Jones's vast palace of Whitehall and the great Chase at Richmond, in the list of stupendous beginnings which the troubles of those times brought to nothing.

It was no fault of the hour; that was ripe enough for the most extravagant adventure. The spirit that we call Elizabethan, the spirit which the great naval war with Spain had fostered into a national sentiment, still swelled the country. Perhaps it had never been so strong, not even in the great Queen's day. The terrors and losses of the struggle were being forgotten; its victorious achievements were growing into an epic. Men still in their prime could remember the giants of those days, had enjoyed their friendship, and could inflame the minds of young men with half-remembered tales of their exploits. From the

press was issuing volume after volume which for the first time informed the people at large how great and daring those exploits had been. For long the truth had been kept quiet as a secret of state, and not till Elizabeth had been in her grave some twenty years did the whole tale begin to come out. In 1622 appeared Sir Richard Hawkins's account of his raid into the South Sea; four years later came SIR FRANCIS DRAKE REVIVED, telling of his exploits in Darien and on the Spanish Main, and calling on a degenerate age to follow where he had led. Two years later, again, the world first knew the matchless story of his voyage about the world. The greatest of the Elizabethan captains had always preached colonial expansion, and it is to the credit of the age that it was this rather than his piratical prowess that inflamed its imagination. Ever since the peace the work had been going on, and nothing was more in the mode than to be the patron of adventurers beyond the sea. As for means, they were at hand in abundance. For those days, which we are accustomed to look upon as preoccupied with constitutional strife, were the days when England was building up her commercial supremacy. The long immunity from war which she had been enjoying, while her neighbours were all by the ears, was enticing into her bosom an unrivalled concentration of trade and capital, and London was fast becoming the mart of Europe. Even for those who read the signs of the times, the growing discomfort in the air was but an additional motive that inclined them to look from home. The Baltimores, the Sayes, and the Brookes were casting their eyes to the Virgin West for fields wherein to develop their ideas; and as for the

spirited youth of the country, Buckingham's two short wars had only whet their appetite, and they were in a mood for any hazard.

It is here we touch the romantic element in this strange episode. For it was in the cause of a distressed princess that they were dying to draw the sword,—the cause of the fair Queen of Bohemia, the King's widowed sister. Ever since Charles had come to the throne she had been imploring his help to recover for her son his lost dominion; and Charles from the first had made the Palatinate the centre of a shuffling foreign policy beside which that of his indolent son seems respectable. For years he had twisted and turned to enjoy the credit of helping his sister without the danger, and as yet nothing had come of it but contempt and distrust both at home and abroad. At last, however, he seemed to be resolved on action; the trumpet of England's dominion of the Narrow Seas was blown in a fine flourish, and the great ship-money fleet was got together to back the braying of Selden's *Mare Clausum*. To do it, as every one knows, he shook the very foundations of his throne, but the fleet was certainly the finest that had ever sailed under the English flag. Yet there it ended; and all the great fleet did, so far at least as men could see, was to scrape a few halfpence from poor Dutch fishermen. The magnificent Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Earl Marshal of England, who had been sent to Vienna to prepare for its action, returned in a rage, disgusted at the futility of his instructions and the feebleness of the hand he served. And with his return, it may be said, ended the King's miserable struggle for his sister and his nephew's birthright. So here was the youth of England as far from a fight as ever, condemned to look on inactive as the Thirty Years' War raged round the Palatinate. The times were indeed ripe for some great adventure; the spirit was willing, and

the flesh, the material under the King's hand, as fine as a king need want. But his heart was not high enough to use it where it cried aloud for the word to strike; and the best that came of it was this harebrained project for the conquest and planting of Madagascar.

What had first drawn men's minds to so remote a spot is not easy to say. Half the fine gentlemen engaged in the mad venture can hardly have been able to find it on the map, and no one can have been much wiser. Some forty years ago Hakluyt had published an account of it, which some Dutch East India traders had brought home, but it was far from attractive. For a few beads you could buy an ox with a hump, and a fat-tailed sheep for a tin spoon; but the natives were ugly neighbours, and wore no ornaments better than copper. It was in 1606 that the island seems first to have been visited by Englishmen. They perhaps had a better story to tell, for after this it became known as a desirable revictualling place for the East Indian voyage, and landings grew frequent. So rich in cattle and so fertile was it found to be, that it began to be spoken of as the richest and most fruitful island in the world. So conveniently too did it seem to be placed that Richard Boothby, the chief authority on the subject, was sure that any prince, once settled there with the riches of the island at his back, could not only make it the great emporium of the Indian and Persian trade, but, if he had the mind, might become emperor of the whole East Indies.

The idea, so fantastic to us, may well have seemed plausible enough then; but it was not till the great Earl Marshal returned from his abortive mission, and was tempted to take up the scheme, that the promoters could get a serious hearing. The two men who at this distance of time seem to have been the most active spirits in the matter were of very opposite natures: one was a seasoned

mariner, a certain Captain John Bond, who could not but have weight with practical men; the other was Mr. Endymion Porter, of the King's bed-chamber, one of the featherheads whom Buckingham had introduced to Charles's councils. A bit of a traveller, a bit of a diplomatist, and a bit of a poet, he had served his apprenticeship to life at the Court of Spain in the service of Olivares, the young king's favourite, and was a man well chosen to carry society into the dream, and, above all, to gain Lord Arundel's ear. For the Earl Marshal was something of a fantastic, if we may trust the graphic portrait that Clarendon has left of him. "He was generally thought," says he, "to be a proud man, who lived always within himself, and to himself, conversing little with any who were in common conversation; so that he seemed to live as it were in another nation, his house being a place to which all people resorted, who resorted to no other place; strangers, or such as affected to look like strangers, and dressed themselves accordingly. . . . He spent a great interval of his time in several journeys into foreign parts, and with his wife and family had lived some years in Italy, the humour and manners of which nation he seemed most to like and approve and affected to imitate. He wore and affected a habit very different from that of the time, such as men had only beheld in the pictures of the most considerable men; all which drew the eyes of most and the reverence of many towards him, as the image and representative of the primitive nobility, and native gravity of the nobles, when they had been most venerable; but this was only his outside; his nature and true humour being much disposed to levity and delights, which indeed were very despicable and childish." He was, moreover, the first of our great collectors, and, though really a dunce (at least so Clarendon would have us believe), "was willing to be thought a

scholar and to understand the most mysterious parts of antiquity, because he made a wonderful and costly purchase of excellent statues whilst he was in Italy and Rome, and had a rare collection of most curious medals." The portrait is obviously coloured by the soured historian's dislike, but we can see through it enough of the eccentric nature of the man to understand how he can have come to father Porter's harebrained scheme, the more so as his costly hobby had made havoc with his vast fortune, and the chance of mending it would lend an additional savour to the enterprise. Nor is it unlikely that the disgust which his abortive embassy had given him for European politics made him willing enough to turn his energies to wider fields.

Under the auspices of this remarkable personality the scheme seems at once to have found favourable consideration in the Council. Indeed, it appeared to be just what the King wanted, to get out of the difficulty in which he found himself. For some time past the young Elector and his brother Rupert had been in England to support their mother's appeal for assistance, and now that their uncle had decided that he could not engage himself in their quarrel, the difficulty was to know what to do with them. To send them back to their mother absolutely empty was more than he could make up his mind to. As Prince of Wales he had besought his peace-loving father upon his knees and with tears to take pity on his sister and her children, and to let him lead a royal army to their rescue. Honestly, no doubt, he still wished he had the heart to help them. He had taken a great fancy to both the young Princes, especially to Rupert, now an engaging lad of nineteen, full of energy and promise. "Whatever he wills," wrote Sir Thomas Roe, Elizabeth's devoted confidant, "he wills vehemently. The King takes great pleasure in his unrestfulness, for he is never idle."

Still Charles could not harden his courage to help them openly ; but the return of Lord Arundel in a fury with the House of Austria, and breathing vengeance against Spain, had so far strengthened the opposition that in a measure they had been able to force the King's vacillating hand. Lord Craven, the Queen of Bohemia's most ardent champion, succeeded in finding favour for a scheme by which the elder brother was to be given a squadron from the idle fleet to see what he could do cruising with it under some foreign flag against the commerce of Spain. Roe wrote the unwelcome news to the weary Queen, and in the same letter had to tell of the still more miserable bait that was being held out to Rupert.

"There are other mysterious or rather monstrous projects [he wrote] to send Prince Rupert to conquer, by adventurers, Madagascar. I am loth to trouble your Majesty with these chimeras. I have heard of many such fancies since the Princes came hither, and many practices of distraction, which I have foreborn to write ; but now it is time, and I cannot discharge the trust of an honest man, if I conceal what I know—that the plot is absurd, impossible, and of no use, neither to weaken the enemy nor strengthen the cause, nor to be effected to purpose in an age, nor to be undertaken and seconded under the expense of a million ; and when it shall be done it shall have little relation to Europe, and not much greatness to be a king of slaves. Yea, Virginia, which is so much slighted, is a better retreat. But I suspect the authors of this plot, and all their designs and insinuations with him, which have gotten too much credit upon him, and I do esteem it so little worth, that I will only say it is an excellent way to lose the Prince in a most desperate, dangerous, unwholesome, fruitless action, and to spend and divert many undertaking spirits and their money from enterprises upon the Indies, which is the

true backdoor whereby to enter unto, and humble Spain. If therefore your majesty concurs in this opinion, you may be pleased by your authority to take him off and to write to the King to make him some employment, either with the French, Swedes, or [illegible] troops, which is a way of honour, and for which so excellent a spirit is born, and not to be fried upon St. Lawrence's gridiron."¹

The scheme, which Sir Thomas Roe thought it his duty to announce to his mistress in these disparaging terms, was one well calculated to tempt the young Prince, who could never be idle. The capital was to be no less than a million, a sum equal to considerably more than twice that controlled by the Chartered Company to-day. Such a thing had never been heard of before. Nor was this all. It was to be provided in equal shares by a thousand gentlemen, each of whom was to sail in person with a retinue of servants ; so that the expedition would number at least five thousand men. For its transport the King was to provide twelve ships from the idle fleet, and thirty merchantmen besides were to sail under its convoy.

Such a force was formidable enough, at least in appearance, to have inspired confidence ; but no one knew better than Sir Thomas Roe what he was saying. In his younger days he had been touched with the Raleigh fever, and had made the voyage to Guiana ; later on, with a cooler head, he had travelled to the East Indies, where as ambassador to the Great Mogul he had done his best to keep the East India Company to its trade, and to discourage its territorial aspirations. Still there were many who did not share his distrust. Indeed, the town ran mad over it. Sir William Davenant came out with a poem of several hundred lines addressed to Prince Rupert, in which in a vision he sees the brilliant conquest of the island and its flowing prosperity under the young Prince's

¹ DOMESTIC STATE PAPERS, CAR. I., eccl. 16, 17, Mar. 1637.

rule. It was considered a fine piece, so entirely had the colonial mania deflected literary judgment, and may be taken as a fair embodiment of the feeling at the time. Even the sluggish muse of Endymion Porter was stirred to the effort of a copy of laudatory verses, and asked of his friend

What lofty fancy was't possest your brain,
And caus'd you soar into so high a strain?

As for Sir John Suckling, he was so far carried away in the enthusiasm of the hour as to write a sonnet, which we still may read without a blush.

What mighty princes poets are! Those things
The great ones stick at, and our very kings
Lay down, they venture on; and with great ease
Discover, conquer what and where they please.
Some phlegmatic sea-captain would have stay'd
For money now, or victuals; not have weighed
Anchor without 'em; thou (Will) dost not stay
So much as for a wind, but goest away,
Land'st, view'st the country; fight'st, putt'st all to rout
Before another could be putting out!
And now the news in town is—Davenant's come
From Madagascar, fraught with laurel home;
And welcome, Will, for the first time; but prithee
In thy next voyage bring the gold too with thee.

Nor was it only the poets whose heads were turned. Even so shrewd and business-like a man as Monk, then a poor captain just returned with a brilliant reputation from the Low Country, was resolved to invest his sword and the savings of his pay and plunder in the mad undertaking. Roe may have been right. The whole thing, as he seems to have thought, may have been either a scheme of the Spanish party to keep English adventure off the West Indies, or merely a device of unprincipled promoters to

use the Prince's popularity to float their bubble. It must not, at any rate, be supposed that such manoeuvres are the invention of our own time. Still, whatever was at the bottom of the design, it found credit not only with needy soldiers of fortune like Captain Monk, but, as Boothby tells us, with the Earl of Arundel and other honourable persons. And there can be no doubt the enterprise came very near being attempted; at any rate, Boothby distinctly states that the Council had agreed that Rupert should go.

In Suckling's verses, however, we can already hear a note of disappointment; the scheme was perhaps doomed before Davenant's poem was published. Other great men had other fish to fry. Roe hints of another project of Lord Craven's for a raid, as it would seem, upon the Spanish Main, in which the Princes were to be engaged, but says he is sworn to secrecy. The real difficulty, however, was certainly from the Queen-Mother herself, who regarded semi-piratical reprisals as beneath the dignity of the First Prince of the Empire, and gave her strong disapproval not only to the cruising scheme but to the colonial one as well.

"As for Rupert's romance," she wrote in answer to Sir Thomas Roe, "about Madagascar, it sounds like one of Don Quixote's conquests, when he promised his trusty squire to make him king of an island. I heard of it some fourteen days ago, and thereupon I writ a letter to him to divert him from it as a thing neither feasible, safe, nor honourable for him. Since then I have received a letter from [cipher], who writes of it as a fine thing, which I cannot enough wonder at. I answered him plainly, I did not like of it. I thought it not safe to send him, the second brother, to such an enterprise, when there was work enough to be had for him in Europe; besides I thought, if Madagascar were a place either worth the taking or possible to be kept, that the Portugales by this time would have had it, having

so long possessed the coast of Africa near to it; and I entreated him to do his best in hindering of it. What he will answer, God knows. I long to have it." And so she signs herself, "Your most constant and affectionate friend, Elizabeth."¹

Perhaps there was more of Don Quixote in her brother than even she knew, but the wisdom of her protest seemed to have had its effect. The Council were called on to reconsider their decision. Practical men began to draw back, and among them, for all his colonial longings, Captain Monk; and before a month was out Roe was able to send to his royal correspondent the news for which she was so anxious. "The dream of Madagascar, I think," so he wrote, "is vanished, and the squire must conquer his own island. A blunt merchant called to deliver his opinion says it was a gallant design, but such as wherein he would be loath to venture his younger son."

Roe's conjecture was right. The scheme had fallen through, at least in so far as Prince Rupert was concerned, except for the influence it had on his subsequent piratical career when he fell on evil days, and for the strong initiative he took in colonial affairs when the Restoration brought him prosperity. Lord Arundel, however, was far too great a man to be daunted by a prince's defection; but before he could reorganise his company the first Bishops' War had broken out; the Scots were to be coerced into Episcopacy, and the Earl Marshal was called upon to command the English army of invasion. The choice was hardly well advised: he "had nothing martial about him," sneers Clarendon, "but his presence and his looks, and therefore was thought to be made choice of only for his negative qualities. . . . But he was fit to keep the state of it, and his rank was such that no man would decline the serving under him."

His natural distaste for military

service, no less than the miserable fiasco in which his employment resulted, would seem, after the accommodation with the Scots was patched up, to have thrown him for distraction upon his still-born venture. From his retirement in the country he set the ball rolling again, and presently came up to London to throw himself heart and soul into the promotion of his scheme. Merchants thronged his palace, seamen and shareholders came and went amongst his antiques and his pictures, the pillars of the Royal Exchange were plastered with his advertisements; from the King he obtained for himself the patent that had been intended for Prince Rupert, and was so well pleased with his progress that the great Flemish master was called in to paint his portrait as "governor of the Island of St. Lawrence."

Sir Edward Walker, from whom we learn the Earl's persistence, saw the picture, and so we know what it was like. "I have seen," says he in his *HISTORICAL DISCOURSES*, "an excellent piece drawn by that famous artist Sir Anthony Vandyke of the Earl and his lady sitting with a terrestrial globe between them, he with his Marshal's staff pointing to Madagascar." It is a piece of real irony; for there the thing ended, with the great man pointing his Marshal's staff at the seat of his dreamland empire. Beyond that sovereign pose he never moved. For the King, overwhelmed with his perplexities, in desperation summoned a Parliament, which lost no time, so Boothby tells us, in putting a stop to the design of Madagascar.

Society and politics had now got something else to think of more exciting than colonial conquest; but Captain John Bond still clung sturdily to his idea. In March 1639 a warrant was issued appointing him governor of the island, which would look as though Boothby was not quite accurate, and that Arundel had abandoned or was tired of his project before Parliament met. Captain Bond was more in earnest, and after surmounting all

¹ DOMESTIC STATE PAPERS, CAT. I., ccclii.
41. From the Hague, 16 April, 1637.

opposition in his way set out upon his venture. Of this we may be sure, for in 1643 another attempt was made to write up the island by one Walter Hammond. His book bore the title *MADAGASCAR, THE RICHEST AND MOST FRUITFUL ISLAND IN THE WORLD*, and in the dedication he thus addresses Captain John Bond, the governor: "Before you set sail you met with a rough storm at land—but no breeze can now undermine it. The Parliament after full debate found how just and honourable to the Kingdom was his Majesty's favour to you." This again, it will be observed, does not tally with Boothby's memory.

What force Bond had, or what he did with it, is not known. Perhaps he found himself too late, or fell a victim to the first act of a long colonial rivalry. For by this time the French had been caught with the fever, and the *Sieur de Flacourt* records in his

RELATION DE MADAGASCAR DEPUIS 1642—1660 that in the year 1642 the *Sieur Ricault*, a navy captain, obtained from Richelieu a patent to settle Madagascar and to take possession of it in the name of the French crown, and that ships went out that same year.

Two centuries and a half have passed; Rupert's romance is forgotten, and the *Sieur Ricault's* commission remains unexecuted. To-day perhaps we are on the eve of seeing the work accomplished; but Madagascar has held out long, and the difficulties in the way of conquest are scarcely less than when the poor Queen of Bohemia trembled for her son. But whatever come of it, the world is wide; we can heartily wish our neighbour God-speed, and trust she is not sallying forth, as sage old Sir Thomas Roe would have said, to fry on St. Lawrence's gridiron.

JULIAN CORBETT.

SOME HUMOURS OF PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.

ONE morning, during the session of 1887, all the newspapers of the kingdom reported in exactly similar terms a brief but curious and amusing conversation between Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords on the previous evening. The subject of the conversation was a popular rumour to the effect that Sir Drummond Wolff's appointment as British plenipotentiary at Constantinople had terminated. Lord Rosebery inquired if the rumour were true. Lord Salisbury, as Foreign Secretary, intimated that it did not quite accurately describe Sir Drummond Wolff's position. What followed is thus recorded by the newspapers. LORD ROSEBERY: "Are we to understand then that Sir Drummond Wolff is in a state of suspended animation?" LORD SALISBURY: "No; rather in a state of animated expectancy."

On the evening of the day this report appeared in the Press, Lord Salisbury called attention to it in the House of Lords. He denied in the most emphatic manner that he had ever used such language, and Lord Rosebery on his part was equally emphatic. But their lordships gave no indication of the real nature of the conversation that had passed between them on the subject of Sir Drummond Wolff; they simply contented themselves with denying the accuracy of the newspaper report. However, months afterwards, Lord Rosebery, presiding at the International Short-hand Congress, alluded to this remarkable instance of the humour of Parliamentary reporting. He then said that his own words were, "Are we to understand then that Sir Drummond Wolff is in a state of agitated expectancy?" and that Lord Salisbury, leaning across the

table, had answered jocosely, in a low voice so that it should not reach the Reporters' Gallery, "I will telegraph and ask him, if you like." But what puzzled Lord Rosebery, as he confessed at the Congress, was the extraordinary agreement between all the reports of the conversation which appeared in the newspapers. Such unanimity would have convinced any one else but the two principals that the conversation had really taken place as it was reported. The explanation of the mystery is, however, simple; all the newspaper reports came from one common source. It is difficult to hear in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Lords, and the reporters being, for that reason, doubtful that they could, independently, provide accurate reports, made up between them, as best they could, a report for the common benefit.

Mishearing is a fruitful source of errors in Parliamentary reporting. To it may, doubtless, be attributed the various renderings given in the London morning papers of a line from Macaulay's *ARMADA* quoted by Lord Rosebery in a recent speech. *THE TIMES* and *THE DAILY TELEGRAPH* were the only journals that gave the line correctly:

Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales.

THE DAILY NEWS and *MORNING POST* rendered it:

Like volcanoes flamed to heaven the stormy hills of Wales.

THE CHRONICLE also gave "flamed" instead of "flared," and made the line into two. But the version in *THE STANDARD* was the most extraordinary:

Like volcanoes flame the heavens,
The stormy hills of Wales.

If such blunders occasionally occur

in our days, when shorthand has been brought to what one is tempted to call its limit of perfection, it is not surprising that three distinct versions of an amusing parody used by Daniel O'Connell in the course of a speech in the House of Commons in the Thirties are given in the newspapers of the time. O'Connell had been attacked by three colonels in succession—Colonel Verner, Member for Armagh, Colonel Gore, Member for Sligo, and Colonel Sibthorpe, Member for Lincoln, of whom the two former were clean-shaven, while the latter was remarkable for a beard that covered both chin and breast. Rising subsequently, O'Connell convulsed the House with laughter by a ready parody of Dryden's well-known lines on Milton. One version of this parody ran as follows: Three colonels in three different counties

born,
Armagh, Sligo, and Lincoln did adorn;
The first in gravity of face surpassed;
Sobriety the next: in impudence the last.
The force of nature could no farther go,
To beard the third, she shaved the other two.

This was a second:

Three colonels in three distant counties
born,
Did Armagh, Sligo, and Lincoln adorn.
The first in impudence all men surpassed,
The next in ignorance, in both the last;
The force of folly could no further go,
To beard the third, she shaved the other two.

And this was the third:

Three colonels in three distant counties
born,
Armagh, Sligo, and Lincoln did adorn;
The first in direct bigotry surpassed;
The next in impudence, in both the last.
The force of nature could no farther go,
To beard the third, she shaved the other two.

Quotations are indeed often sadly mangled. Mr. John Bright once quoted the lines from Milton:

I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a
jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and
steer
Right onward.

The reporter was not familiar with

the passage, and having no idea that Mr. Bright was quoting poetry, he turned it into prose, in the third person, as follows: "He would not argue against the hand or will of heaven, nor would he bate a jot of heart or hope. He would still bear up and steer right onward." Still more amusing was the rendering given to the two well-known lines from Tennyson's *LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE* by a reporter who was brought into the Gallery one night on trial: "The honourable gentleman concluded by declaring that kind hearts were far more than coronets, and simple faith much better than Norman blood." That reporter has not been seen in the Gallery since. The famous saying of Drummond, the Irish Under-Secretary, "Property has its duties as well as its rights," has been given as "Prosperity has its duties for which it fights." "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" once exclaimed Sir William Harcourt in the course of a terrific onslaught on Mr. Chamberlain; but a provincial paper improved the quotation in this novel fashion: "Great Dinah, what a farce this is!" Perhaps there was more in that rendering than met the eye; but if the editor was not cynically expressing his own convictions, it is probably to the telegraph and not to the reporter that the credit of that joke is due. Indeed the telegraph has indulged in many witticisms at the expense of the members of both Houses of Parliament. It has transformed a classical allusion to "Cato and Brutus" into "Cats and Brutes"; the celebrated phrase used by the late Mr. W. E. Forster, in a speech on his Irish policy, "*mauvais sujets* and village ruffians" into "*wandering savages* and village ruffians"; "tried in the balance and found wanting" into "tried in the balance and found *painting*"; "the cow was cut into halves" into "the cow was cut into *calves*"; and "the militia is a great constitutional force" into "the militia is a great constitutional *farce*."

Indeed, when one thinks of the number of stages through which the report of a Parliamentary speech has to pass from the time the words leave the lips of the speaker until they appear in print in the morning paper, the wonder is that the report so often escapes without any distortion of meaning in the process. The speaker may have an indistinct enunciation, or the reporter may have some other difficulty in hearing him. But even if the reporter has succeeded in getting the words correctly in shorthand on his note-book, he may misread them in transcription, for the forms of shorthand are frequently very confusing even to the writer; or he may transcribe them in a longhand so vile, or with such a plenitude of contractions, that the telegraph-clerk cannot be blamed for confusing them in transmission. And even if the report has been plainly written, faulty signalling by careless operators, or mechanical or electrical defects in the wires, will make a sad mess of it. Then there is the ruthless blue-pencil of the sub-editor to be taken into account; or it may be only in the last stages, when the compositor "sets up" the report, or when the reader corrects it in proof, that the error occurs. It is, therefore, difficult to bring home the blame of any blunder in the provincial report of a Parliamentary speech.

Dr. Magee, the late Archbishop of York, was once reported to have said in the House of Lords that "drunkenness is *jolly*." Though no correction appeared, it may be safely assumed that what his Grace said was, "drunkenness is *folly*." On another occasion he was represented as having applied the uncomplimentary epithets "hardened and insolent" to advocates of teetotalism. The sub-editor, the compositor, and the proof-reader may have had in mind the supposed declaration of his Grace that "drunkenness is jolly," and may, therefore, have passed as natural this sweeping onslaught on the enthusiastic friends

of temperance. But the indignant letters which, in this instance, the speaker received from some teetotalers led him to explain publicly that he had used the words "*ardent and excellent*," and not "*hardened and insolent*." Here is another extract from a reported speech of his: "There is nothing ascertainable in what you call spiritual things. The Post-Office Telegraph, which best interprets this age, tells you the most you can come to in that line of thought." Readers were naturally mystified by this extraordinary allusion to the Post-Office Telegraph, till they were informed next day that it was the Poet Laureate to whom his Grace had referred. Curiously enough, it was established beyond all doubt that this prank was played in the Post-Office itself.

In a discussion on a Factory Bill, one Member, according to a report in one of the provincial papers, urged its acceptance on the House in order to put a stop to the practice of "*shaving* factory-boys to death." During the last Parliament, Mr. Gladstone indulged one evening in some genial bantering of Lord Hartington, and the following appeared in one of the provincial reports of the speech: "Such is the modesty of my noble friend that he *shaves* his head. But I must insist upon placing upon his head the crown which he is entitled to wear." A reference to the report, published in the London journal, shows that Lord Hartington did not *shave* his head, but only *shook* it.

Telegraphic humour is not, however, always unconscious or unintentional. There is a well-authenticated story current in the Reporters' Gallery of a strange freak of a telegraph-clerk in the transmission of the report of a Parliamentary speech by Mr. Forster to a daily paper in Bradford. The subject of the speech was education; the word "children" was frequently used, and, for the sake of brevity, the clerk substituted "kids," trusting that the alteration would be corrected by the operator at the other end of the

wire. The message, however, was not only written, but printed just as it was transmitted. Imagine the faces of the Right Honourable gentleman's constituents when they read next morning: "You know of Wordsworth's profound saying, 'The *kid* is father to the man.' I need not dwell on the vital importance to the community of imparting a sound moral and secular education to *kids* in their impressionable years. It is for the *kids* that this Bill is introduced, and asking the House to remember that the *kids* of this generation will be the fathers and mothers of the next I confidently appeal to it to support our proposals."

"These are all *friends*, well-known *friends*," exclaimed Mr. Cobden, after citing the names of many authorities in support of the views he was laying before the House: "They are all *fiends*, well-known *fiends*," said a newspaper for him. One of the bishops in the House of Lords was represented as having spoken of the *iniquities* instead of the *antiquities* of an old church. "My Lords," remarked another prelate, "we take these children out of the streets; we watch over them, we clothe them, and we tend them;" but his words were read, "we *wash* them, we clothe them," &c. In an Irish report of a debate in the House of Lords, after the execution of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien at Manchester in 1867, the Earl of Mayo was reported to have "condemned the Fenian executions as sanctimonious murder," and in consequence much angry amazement was naturally aroused in Ireland. But next day came the correction; his lordship had condemned "the Fenian processions as sanctioning murder." An Irish Member, describing one of the processions to the House, was represented as having said: "The people rent the air with ten thousand *snouts*."

These witticisms may be attributed to the antics of the telegraph-wires, or to the carelessness or stupidity of the telegraph-clerks, the compositors,

or the proof-readers. But there are many blunders equally amusing to be laid at the doors of the reporters. Most of them, however, are due to the difficulty of hearing in the Reporters' Galleries of both Houses of Parliament. The late Earl of Carnarvon was credited with having said, "In these days clergymen are expected to have the wisdom and learning of a *journeyman tailor*," instead of "the wisdom and learning of *Jeremy Taylor*." "Personally he *violated* the Lord's Day as much as any member of the House," asserted a Member for Leicester in the local paper; but when some scandalised and indignant constituents demanded an explanation, it turned out that *venerated* was the word he had used. The following sentence appeared in a despatch that was read in the House during the Crimean War: "Our troops had marched across Belbec and drawn up in front of the North ports." It appeared in some of the newspapers as: "Our troops had marched across the Baltic and drawn up in front of the North Foreland."

Lord Shaftesbury once referred to "M. Renan's pestilential book, *VIE DE JESUS*;" and the reporter gave the adjective as *penitential*. An Irish Member, smarting as usual under a sense of his country's wrongs, once told the House that "The Constabulary fired a shower of bullets on the people;" but the point of the honourable gentleman's denunciation of Saxon tyranny was sadly blunted when it appeared in print as "a shower of *pullets*." "We have a greater stake in the land than politics," exclaimed another Irish Member; and the reporter rendered it, "We have a greater stake in the land than *potatoes*."

Ludicrous misconceptions of a speaker's words, arising from imperfect hearing, frequently occur on the floor of the House as well as in the Reporters' Gallery. Here is an extract from a Parliamentary report during the session of 1876.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL said he had some experience of the Glasgow Irish.

MAJOR O'GORMAN (indignantly): "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, I rise to order, sir! I wish to know, sir, whether the hon. member is justified in stigmatising my beloved country-people as 'the blasted Irish.'"

SIR G. CAMPBELL: "Mr. Speaker—"

THE SPEAKER: "Order, order! I did not catch the expression of the hon. member."

SIR G. CAMPBELL: "Will you allow me, Mr. Speaker—"

THE SPEAKER—"Order, order. But if the expression was used it is certainly unparliamentary and most improper" (*hear, hear*).

SIR G. CAMPBELL: "Mr. Speaker, it is an entire misconception of my remarks on the part of my honourable and gallant friend. What I said was 'Glasgow Irish,' and not 'blasted Irish'" (*much laughter and cheering*).

Mr. Swift MacNeill once quoted in the House the judicial declaration of the late Baron Dowse of the Irish Bench that "The resident magistrates could no more state a case than they could write a Greek ode"; and it was deliciously rendered by a reporter as, "The resident magistrates could no more state a case than they could *ride a Greek goat*." Baron Dowse must have immensely enjoyed this rendering. He stated, in the course of a judgment in an action for libel against a newspaper arising out of an incorrect report, that once in a speech in the House of Commons he had quoted Tennyson's line,

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay,

and read next day that he had edified his audience with the following declaration—

Better fifty years of true love than a circus in Bombay.

Mr. Swift MacNeill figures in another amusing case of mishearing in the Reporters' Gallery. He once complained of having been roughly treated by the Constabulary while attending some evictions in his constituency in Donegal. "But," said the honourable Member, "I took measures to put a

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stop to this conduct. Whenever I was hustled or knocked about by a policeman, I simply chalked him, and by that means was able to identify him afterwards." This was rendered: "Whenever I was hustled or knocked about by a policeman I simply *choked him*." Another Irishman, when called to order by the Speaker, resumed his speech in these words, "Mr. Speaker, with all due deference to your ruling," and was reported as having said, "Mr. Speaker, with regard to *your reverence's* ruling." When Mr. Balfour was Irish Secretary he figured in a London paper as having charged some persons in Ireland (including several Members of Parliament) with being "filthy with grime"; the expression he really used was *guilty of crime*. But Mr. John Bright was the victim of what is perhaps the most curious and the most serious instance of misreporting on record. He was represented by one of the leading London journals as having said in the House of Commons: "But I deny altogether that the rich alone are qualified to legislate for the poor; and I say more,—that the poor alone are qualified to legislate for the rich." The report was a total perversion, though of course unintentional, of Mr. Bright's words, which were: "But I deny altogether that the rich alone are qualified to legislate for the poor, any more than that the poor are qualified to legislate for the rich." On another occasion also Mr. Bright suffered vicariously at the reporter's hands, when a certain speaker was made to refer to him as "the Gamecock of Birmingham" instead of "the *Gama-liel* of Birmingham." There was some speculation as to what Mr. Asquith meant when in a recent speech he was reported as having denied that the Government were in "a peacock temper" in refusing the Lords' amendments to the Employers' Liability Bill. It was pointed out subsequently that the words he had used were "*pique* or temper."

Some of these blunders were due no

doubt to the bad handwriting of the reporters, or to the system of contractions they use in transcribing their shorthand notes. Lord Chancellor Eldon once indignantly denied in the House of Lords that he annually received £5,000 in perquisites accruing from cases of bankruptcy, and declared that never during any one year had his income from that source exceeded three-fourths of the amount. The reporter in his haste used the contraction " $\frac{3}{4}$ " for "three-fourths"; the printer thus interpreted him: "The learned lord solemnly declared that during no one year of his office had his income from that source exceeded *three shillings and four pence*."

But the mistakes that occur in Parliamentary reporting in our days may chiefly be traced to the high pressure at which the work is necessarily done, for the integrity no less than the ability of the members of the Reporters' Gallery is universally admitted. Reporters have political opinions like most people; they have also their favourites and aversions among Members of Parliament; but unlike Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of their most distinguished predecessors, who confessed that in his day he took care that the "Whig dogs" always had the worst of it, they never allow their prejudices or their tastes to colour their reports. Members of Parliament may complain, and often do complain, of the scanty allowance of print given to their speeches; but they never attempt to say that they have been wilfully misrepresented in the newspapers of their political opponents. That happy state of things has not always existed. The records of the House of Commons, for instance, show that O'Connell frequently complained of the mutilation and suppression of his speeches by the Parliamentary reporters. In the session of 1833 he brought under the notice of the House, as a breach of privilege, the report of one of his speeches on Church tithes in Ireland, which had appeared in a London paper not alone

grievously abbreviated, but, as he complained, in some passages entirely perverted. The reporter was brought to the bar of the House, where he made a most remarkable defence. He said that during his walk from Westminster to Fleet Street, the rain, which was falling heavily at the time, had most unfortunately streamed into his pocket, and washed out the notes he had made of O'Connell's speech. "Well, Mr. Speaker," said O'Connell, "that was the most extraordinary shower of rain I ever heard of; for it not only washed out the speech I made from this gentleman's notebook, but washed in another and an entirely different one. However, so far as I am concerned, the reporter may go. I only hope his newspaper will provide him with a cloak and an umbrella in order to prevent the rain from playing any more pranks with his notebooks."

But O'Connell did not rest there. He gave the Parliamentary reporters as a body what he called himself "a lick of the rough side of his tongue," pouring on them all the powers of sarcasm and vituperation of which he was an unrivalled master, charging them with "cooking" their reports to his detriment, or else ignoring his arguments, while the arguments of his opponents were given fully. The reporters retaliated. They sent a communication to O'Connell that unless he made an ample apology for his attack they would cease to report him. And they carried out their threat; O'Connell's name was not even mentioned in the report of the next debate in which he took part. But if he were not to be reported he would take care that no one else was. At the opening of the next sitting he called the Speaker's attention to the presence of strangers, and under a rule of the House, which has since been amended, the galleries were cleared. The reporters, however, would not give way, and as they were supported by their editors, and as O'Connell was determined to exclude them from the

House while they were in that state of mind, it is impossible to say how long the quarrel might have lasted, had not some mutual friends arranged a compromise at the end of a week, during which not a line about Parliament appeared in any London paper.

This conflict between O'Connell and the Parliamentary reporters is all the more curious because three-fourths of the reporters at that time were Irishmen. William Cobbett, who also got into difficulties with them, was in the habit of referring to them derisively in his writings and speeches as the "rayporters," in imitation of the Irish pronunciation. They seem to have been up to all sorts of pranks. The most famous of the band was Peter Finnerty. He was the only representative of the Press in the Strangers' Gallery one evening in 1830, so that when his colleagues, arriving towards the end of the sitting, asked him if anything of importance had happened, he was able to play a most audacious practical joke upon them. He dictated to them an extraordinary speech on the virtues of the Irish potato which he said had been delivered by William Wilber-

force, who was then one of the most sedate and solemn members of the House, and whose name is inseparably associated with a very different subject. On the next morning accordingly half London was amazed to read how the famous champion of the negro had said: "Had it been my lot to be born in Ireland, where my food would have principally consisted of the potato, that most nutritious and salubrious root, instead of being the poor, infirm, shrivelled, stunted creature, you, sir, and honourable gentlemen, now behold in me, I would have been a tall, stout, athletic man, and able to carry an enormous weight." The speech was the one topic of conversation throughout the day, and great was the merriment it provoked. Wilberforce was naturally annoyed at being made the laughing-stock of the metropolis. He brought the matter under the notice of the House, and denounced the report as a mendacious invention. "If I were capable of uttering such nonsense as is here put into my mouth," said he very truly, "instead of being a member of the House, I should be the inmate of some lunatic asylum."

MY FRIEND BEPPINO.

(A LITTLE EPISODE OF TUSCAN MANNERS.)

A MAIN-LINE train which is set to start at 9 A.M. should surely wait for a branch-line train which is to arrive at the same time. But they order these matters differently in Italy, for as we rolled into Pisa sharp to the moment, Heaven help me, I saw the engine of the Viareggio train puff forth its first cloud of smoke! When I alighted on the platform it was lumbering heavily out of the station.

I gasped, and may have turned pale. It was really a matter of the gravest moment that called me to Viareggio. True, my appointment is not till one o'clock, but that is sorry comfort seeing there is not another train till two. The station was dim before my eyes as the sympathetic voices of a knot of important-looking officials politely explained to me that I should have taken a much earlier branch-line train if I wanted to catch the 9 o'clock to Viareggio.

I know a little Italian, and expostulate hotly, incoherently. I am met with deep sympathy, exquisite politeness. The officials are overcome with grief at my misfortune, and pass censure on their Company's imperfect system. Mollified in spite of myself, I inquire if I cannot drive to Viareggio. Drive! *Per Bacco*, how these English throw their money about (this in their looks)! Of course the *Signore* can drive, but it will cost him a discreet sum. The sympathetic officials showed me the way to the station entrance. On the way the small knot threatened to swell into a crowd. "*Cos' è* (What's the matter)?" says one vague individual after another coming up; and a ready informant answers that it is an English *Signore* who has missed the Viareggio train

and means to drive there. "*Per Bacco!*" comes the amazed response in the tone of one who would say, "I must see the end of this."

In the station-yard, the most important of the officials enters for me into animated converse with a *vetturino*. He has pitched upon the shabbiest of them all, with the most forlorn horse and the craziest cab. The *vetturino* shakes his head, looks sad and sympathetic, but this—no, this is a feat that no Pisan man or beast has ever yet been known to accomplish. It is winter, too, the roads are bad, and, *Dio buono!* it is a good twenty kilometers. Beppino meant to go from the first, of course, but it took time to get him under weigh. A Tuscan does not enter lightly even on an ordinary venture; he needs to think a little first, and to talk a great deal; above all he needs to pat himself on the back and be patted by others. I agreed to pay Beppino a sum that caused the station officials to whistle softly. I implored him to start at once; but he was in no hurry. He had to talk over the event; he required the encouragement and good wishes of the bystanders in this perilous undertaking, and amid all the babble of excited voices I gathered incidentally that he wasn't quite sure of the right road.

Still, at about half-past nine, crack! crack! crack! off we drove amid something like a cheer. But there was a want of heartiness in the cheer; I could detect in it the note of hope that all might end well, the note of doubt that this was exceedingly improbable. Bump! bang! clatter! through the narrow streets of Pisa at a break-neck pace; whiz! round the corners with a hor-

ribly close shave at every turn ; up over the curved back of the Ponte a Mezzo, and down again with a crack ! crack ! crack ! and again we dive into another labyrinth of streets. I catch a glorious glimpse of the brown Arno as we pass over the bridge ; my spirits are beginning to rise ; this drive will be much pleasanter than the train, besides I shall not have to kick my heels about Viareggio for three or four hours, waiting for one o'clock and——

Hullo ! What's the matter ! We have pulled up in the narrowest of alleys opposite a door that might be a stable-door but that at present we are in no want of a stable. Beppino, utterly ignoring me, leaps from his box like a monkey, and commences knocking vigorously at the door. "*Cos' è ?*" I shouted, rapping at the cab-window. Beppino turned round, showed his white teeth in the pleasantest of smiles, and signalled to me to have patience for a moment. Patience indeed ! I rattle at the old cab-window ; it won't come down : I bang at the cab-door ; it won't open from inside. I am beginning to fume. I try the cab-window on the other side ; that won't come down. I am perfectly helpless. Worse things were to befall me that day, but never was I more thoroughly furious. Meantime the door had been opened by a happy-looking dirty person in his shirt-sleeves, and I see in the gloom an empty cab. It is a stable, then.

But I was now rattling the wretched cab-windows so violently that Beppino became alarmed for the safety of his flimsy glass, and judged it more prudent to release me from my prison-house. I was white with rage, and as my knowledge of Italian was too slender to serve as a proper vent in such a visitation of wrath, I was also speechless with rage. At length I endeavoured to articulate an Italian equivalent of "What the devil do you mean !" The charming courtesy of the Tuscan lower orders is extremely embarrassing ; to try and sustain

anger with them usually ends in a loss of one's own dignity. "*Abbia pazienza un momentino,*" says Beppino sweetly. "I'm just going to harness my best horse, and we shall be off in two minutes." I am somewhat mollified, and hope that he may also have a best cab, and produce it.

But why doesn't he harness his best horse at once ! Why this eternal jabbering ! Beppino is getting angry with the happy-looking dirty person. The latter seems full of a poignant regret ; he lifts his shoulders and extends his arms from the elbow, ejaculating when he can interrupt Beppino's torrent of words, "*Ma cosa vuoi, cosa vuoi, caro mio !*" What Beppino wished or didn't wish, I don't know. A burst of oaths from me in the purest Saxon so alarmed them, that both hurriedly disappeared within an inner door ; I heard the welcome stamping of impatient hoofs, and presently they came forth, Beppino's friend leading a very sturdy, dapper, mettlesome little brute with a fine jingle of bells round its neck, and some gay feathers stuck behind its ears. I am decidedly mollified ; Beppino is all smiles and glee ; the happy person looks happier (and dirtier) than ever. "This is the horse I keep for the country," Beppino explains. "*Vostra signoria* has but to see him trot ; why, in an hour and a half we shall be at Viareggio !" Both men laugh delightedly, and with great show and circumstance unharness and harness ; but the old cab is not changed.

Crack ! crack ! crack ! We are really off at last, swinging along with our jingling bells in fine style at a high-paced trot. Beppino knows everybody and greets everybody. Crack ! crack ! crack ! we fly past the famous group of the Leaning Tower, the Duomo, and the Campo Santo. All the brown urchins of Pisa cheer us wildly. Whiz ! we sweep through the octroi gates, and in five minutes more I am out on the high-road to Viareggio, looking up at

those hills of which Dante said that they prevented the Pisans from seeing the Lucchesi.

Really this rattling pace is splendid; we shall be in Viareggio before noon at this rate. What a shocking thing if there hadn't been this way out of the difficulty; but all's well that ends well. I am falling into a happy reverie; I begin to meander along in thought about Beppino and the Italians. What a charming fellow Beppino is, though his charges are rather extravagant; how simple, how happy and courteous, how frank and sympathetic! Bless me, I hope the horse isn't running away; we are spinning along at such a mad-cap rate. And then how different to an English driver in his—

Jerk! I am thrown forward on to the seat in front by a sudden and violent stoppage. I recover myself, tap at the window in front, and say imperiously, "*Cos'è?*" Beppino takes no notice whatever of me, but begins to belabour his brute with cruel vigour. It shakes its head and jingles its bells angrily. Presently we move—but backwards. With slow measured steps the horse is pushing us towards the ditch on the left side of the road. I try the windows; they won't come down; I curse my folly in ever shutting them after my experience this morning. Beppino leaps from the box and seizes the horse's head as the near hind-wheel of the cab is trembling on the very brink of the ditch. He leads us carefully back into the middle of the road, I meanwhile rattling violently at the windows and trying anew the effect of Saxon oaths. Beppino affects not to hear me. There is a slightly anxious look in his face. *Kee-oh! Kee-oh!* he shouts, as, leading the horse, he breaks into a brisk trot by its head. In this way we proceed for a good hundred yards. Then Beppino, with the agility of a squirrel, swings himself on to his box, and the horse being fairly under weigh continues in his old form for another hundred yards,

when—jerk! and we come to precisely the same standstill. Beppino is off his box at once this time, and saves us from the danger of the ditch.

But I now insist on being heard. "*Apri lo sportello, miserabile!*" I shout; "open the door, confound you!" This at least brings his happy face to the window. "*Stia comodo! stia comodo!*" he says soothingly. "*Non abbia paura.* Don't inconvenience yourself. Don't be afraid." Can anything be more irritating than to be told not to be afraid when one is boiling with rage? "*Apri lo sportello, altrimenti—!*" and I lift my stick as if to smash his precious glass. He raises his hand deprecatingly; he is not accustomed to such bad manners, but he opens the door and lets me out.

I leap out eagerly enough. There I am on a Tuscan high-road, clad in the orthodox garments of the politest society, three miles out of Pisa, ten miles still from Viareggio. I take out my watch; it shows a quarter to eleven. How they had sprung out of the earth at that lonely spot I know not, but we are soon surrounded by a crowd of five. All are full of deep sympathy, except a melancholy old agricultural labourer (perhaps he too means well), who says that when that kind of horse gets obstinate nothing can ever bring him to reason the same day. Beppino begins to quarrel angrily with the old man, for he holds quite the contrary opinion. "Have the complacency to accommodate yourself, *Signore*," he said. "Carluccio (the horse) has had a nice little rest now, and in an hour (liar!) we shall be at Viareggio station."

I don't want to go to the station; but thus urged, I get in again. "No, confound you!" I say, as Beppino tries to put the window up. "I'll be free to jump out if I want to." "The *Signore* need have no fear," replies Beppino encouragingly. Fear again! I have no fear; but I have a strong desire to break every bone in the body of this engaging Tuscan.

Two stalwart members of the crowd now seize the reins, one on each side of Carluccio's head, and commence to run; Beppino runs too, freely using his whip; all three are vociferously shouting, *Kee-oh! Kee-oh!* I catch a glimpse of the ancient agricultural labourer as we start; he is shaking his head sadly, and evidently explaining that that method will never do, that with a horse of that kind, &c., &c. He is quite right: the method does not do. It only gets us over a distance of fifty yards, and we lose twenty of that by Carluccio's determined endeavour to back to Pisa.

I am out on the road again in a trice; there is nothing now to prevent me. An individual is coming along the road from Pisa; another is coming along the road from Viareggio; two *contadini* with anxious sympathetic faces are getting over the fence into the road. "*Cos' è?*" they all four of them say, and I hear, seemingly for the thousandth time, the story of my misfortunes. "*Povero Signore!*" they groan feelingly.

I am past all rage, past even representing their confounded sympathy. It is foolish perhaps, but I begin to talk to Beppino as if he were a reasonable being. He appreciates my change of manner; the little crowd, too, seem to approve me as a foreigner who can take fortune's buffets with Tuscan good-humour.

"Your horse is a bit obstinate, *caro mio*," I say suavely. "What is to be done?"

"The *Signore* has but to accommodate himself once more. My horse is the swiftest in Pisa; his celerity is as that of the arrow. It cannot but be that if the *Signore* will once more have the complacency to accommodate himself, the dear beast will at once start, and without stopping again we shall be at Viareggio in an hour."

I accommodate myself. *Kee-oh! Kee-oh!* We start again in the manner so much disapproved of by the ancient peasant. That venerable person is still one of the crowd, and is

still shaking his head despondently. He is the only discouraging Tuscan I have ever met, and the only one who was always infallibly right. In five minutes I am standing on the road again to save myself from lying in the ditch. It is half-past eleven, and I begin to see with horror that it is just possible that I may miss my most momentous appointment.

I desire to weary no man with my private sorrows. Let me at once say that I reached Viareggio at half-past two. Most of the distance we did walking. Sometimes, for ten minutes together, Carluccio would refuse to move backwards or forwards; he refused to walk, he refused to trot; he would not even stand still; he kicked. Along the whole route we were never without a little group of sympathisers. A variety of methods were propounded and tried. Every method suggestive of going towards Viareggio caused Carluccio to make violent efforts to jib towards Pisa; when this was not possible he tried hard for the ditches. At twelve o'clock I know my fate well enough and am resigned. "Let him walk," I say gently. Had they done so we might have got to Viareggio a little sooner; not that that would have mattered; but they insist on trying method after method. I care not one atom. Fair Italy has become for me a sterile promontory; this brave overhanging Tuscan firmament appears no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours, for I have lost for ever one of the great occasions of my life.

Arrived at Viareggio station, hungry, dirty, despondent, I decide to return to Pisa by the next train. Beppino offers to take me back in his cab, but I refuse. He is a little pained, but says politely: "*Come lei, Signoria, crede meglio.*" I do think it much better. Why don't I murder him there and then? Why don't I at least kick him? I don't even seem to hate the rascal honestly. Poor devil (confound him all the same!),

he is profuse in courteous apologies and illogical excuses. He seems touched that I am not more angry. Another little crowd at the station is also touched and sympathetic; the very atmosphere seems laden with balm for my smarting wounds. I am paying Beppino four times as much as I should, it is true, but he offers to let me off five francs "*a causa del cattivo servizio*." Would an English driver have done as much? But I insist on paying him in full, to the great admiration of the crowd, and as I enter the station I see him standing in front of his little sinner of a horse, shaking his finger reproachfully, and evidently reading it the soundest of moral lessons.

As we enter Pisa station, I am thoughtless enough to put my head out of the carriage-window. "*Ben tornato, Signore!*" shouts the cheerful voice of a porter who recognizes me as the distressed Englishman of the morning; and he leaps on to the footboard beside me to overwhelm me with questions as to my success. I own I am brutally rude. I make short work of him and of the other sympathetic inquirers who crowd round me, and rather than wait half-an-hour for my train among so many well-wishers I elbow my way to the station-yard and take a cab to the Hotel Nettuno in search of dinner.

At about eight o'clock in the evening, as I am returning to the station down the dimly lighted Via del Carmine absorbed in bitter reflections, I am arrested by the sound of a babel of voices in angry altercation, proceeding from a dingy-looking drinking-shop. I stop outside and peep in. Ten or a dozen men are seated at a long table, each with a tumbler of red wine before him, each with the end of an evil-smelling cigar between his teeth. Three or four emptied flasks are on the table. One man alone is on his feet. It is the author of all my ills; it is Beppino, with flaming eyes and flushed visage, pointing the finger of withering scorn at a man whose

features seem familiar to me. Why, of course, it is the happy-looking dirty person of the morning, but cleaned up considerably and wearing a smart Garibaldi hat cocked on one side of his head. He is trying hard to get in a word. "*Ma la povera bestia non ti conosceva, caro!*" he manages to interject. "The poor beast did not know thee; I told thee this morning he would go with no one but me."

At that moment Beppino catches sight of me. *Eccolo! Ecco il Signore!* He advances to greet me with a show of the greatest delight, the happy person following quite overcome with pleasure, and bowing deferentially and courteously; all the other men rise to their feet respectfully; great at that moment was the tension of feeling.

"Oh, you rascal!" I say to Beppino, "that little brute of a horse wasn't yours at all."

"Well, dear *Signore*, not quite, not exactly. But he always seemed like mine; I always think of him as mine. I was to have bought him. I had actually saved the money to buy him when, *Madonna Santa!* my dearest brother Giacomo dies, and I have to spend the money to bury him and to feed the poor creature of a widow and her little ones." At the thought of the death of his dearest brother Giacomo, Beppino's eyes fill with tears. I understand it all now. Carluccio belongs to the happy dirty person, and the two were squabbling this morning over the figure at which Beppino was to have him.

Italia, oh Italia! But it is useless to stand and argue with such emotional and polite people, so I wish them all good-night.

"*Felicissima notte, Signoria, e buon riposo!*" shouts the chorus of manly voices. The whole group come to the door and watch me disappear down the dim street. "But he came back to the city with the velocity of an arrow!" shouts Beppino after me, as a parting shot. I confound both him and Carluccio.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE BLACK COUNTRY.

To those who know the Black Country only by name, or as a dissolving view seen from a railway carriage, the idea of replanting it will seem scarcely better than a foolish fairy tale. But let them reflect a little. It is perhaps not very absurd to compare this blighted, yet not wholly hideous, tract of country with the base of an active volcano. The volcano periodically pours molten ruin upon the land and strews it with dust and ashes; yet between the eruptions trees and grasses make an effort, more or less successful, to gain a footing even in such unpromising soil. Consider Etna and the glory of its chestnut woods above Nicolosi, the fig trees and vines which flourish among its disintegrating lava; the Peak of Teneriffe also, with its verdant slopes, and the Caldera of Palma, with its superb forests of pines clothing the steep sides of that tremendous volcanic excavation.

It must be granted, of course, that the southern sun is a notable factor of desiccation and fertility; but that does not deprive us of hope; we must be content with a relative amount of success at first. Let it be admitted also that these southern lands are not scourged by pestilential fumes from iron and galvanizing and chemical works, to wither the young trees ere they have adequately established themselves. Yet even in this respect the Black Country is far from being so bad as it was. As an industrial district it has long been declining. There are fewer mines being worked and many fewer iron foundries, with their hissing wheels, glowing furnaces, and eddies of pungent smoke from tall chimneys. Where a decade ago were acres of sheds, with their working population of hundreds of puddlers, you may now

see only grey and bluish mounds of desolation, with here and there perhaps a heap of brick ends and rusted iron scraps. Depression in trade has accounted for their cessation: they have gone to the hammer for breaking-up purposes; and they are remembered only by the men who were thrown out of work by their collapse and the capitalists who lost money by them. Twenty years ago the Black Country was almost as black as its reputation; nowadays there are square miles of it that serve no purpose. The coarse grass, docks, thistles, and ox-eyed daisies that deck the pit mounds, the more level wastes, and the pools in the hollows, hint at least at the possibility of their return to a state of nature that would be none the less welcome to them and to us for the century or two of busy industrialism to which they have been devoted since they were shorn of their copses and stripped of their heaths. But without human aid this return must be a very gradual one indeed. Perhaps this little paper may prove that there is more virtue in pit-banks than one would suppose. Private individuals and County Councils may then be invited to do what they will for the Black Country's rebeautification.

Anciently this district had its share of forest trees. At the present time the grounds of Dudley Castle, the Wren's Nest or Old Park, as it was called a century ago, Bentley Hall, and two or three other relatively trivial plantations are all that remain of its woodland wealth. Tradition tells us of an oak cut at Dudley that yielded a hundred tons of timber. The table in the grand hall of the castle consisted of one plank thirty-four inches broad taken from this fine tree. But that was long ago;

nor does it concern us very much, for no one doubts the richness of the Black Country soil where it has not been disturbed by excavation. There are countless little demesnes in the district which boast of their virginity. The flower and fruit trees they grow would be praiseworthy anywhere. Annually Bilston (of all places) revels in a Horticultural Show which would surprise people who think that after coal, bar-iron, and keys the chief products of South Staffordshire are smuts and sanguinary adjectives.

Nowhere better than at Bilston indeed may an exploring walk through the Black Country be begun. In itself it is a typical town of the district. Its houses are mainly of red brick; it supports a number of swelling, ugly denominational chapels; that the people are fond of sausages may be guessed from the numerous pork-butchers' shops; and its slums are as squalid as those in the worst parts of Whitechapel. Unlike Whitechapel, however, Bilston is surrounded entirely by pit-banks and iron-works. No matter in what direction the wind blows, this populous and (to the stranger) most unattractive little town sees plenty of smoke betwixt its slate roofs and the heavens. Modern enterprise is shown here in the new market hall, with electric lamps, and in its very creditable reading-room and Free Library. But nowhere in England does the "curse of civilisation" seem so emphatic.

Yet there are trees at Bilston. Round the parish church of St. Leonard's is a comely assemblage of planes, birches, and poplars, with leaves that are green in midsummer and not rust-coloured as elsewhere in the neighbourhood almost so soon as they unfold. The high road hence to Wolverhampton (a bleak exposed thoroughfare) has been planted with young trees. These do not promise so well. Where they are carefully looked after the wych-elms and ashes thrive; but when left to themselves they seem to doubt if their life be worth living, and

give up the struggle for existence. At the best, however, these trees do not seem to have a very firm hold on life. The wonder is rather that they can live at all.

Much more instructive is the Bilston cemetery. This is a tract of land which half a century ago was worked for coal. Here we have the test in a most satisfactory degree. There are ash trees and poplars and wych-elms enough, as well as cherry trees, chestnuts, rowans, and the elder; and all have a thoroughly healthy appearance. They have taken thirty or forty years to attain their present growth. If the strength of a tree is proved by the number of its leaves, these trees are sufficiently robust. And the majority of them have had to fight against the winds from the north and east, which are as keen and vigorous in the Black Country as anywhere in the kingdom.

One is reasonably astounded at the result of this experiment. The cherry trees among the graves are not frail pretentious young things. In the middle of August we found plenty of fruit on them. And they are set moreover in the most miserable soil conceivable; a mixture of cinders, dust, and potsherds, with a sprinkling of black shale on the surface. The gravedigger who escorted us about the place despised this part of it. "It's the Irish side," he remarked; "where it's cheapest, you know, for the Catholics and that." But he was proud of the trees, nevertheless. We do not hold a brief for the Bilston Cemetery Company, but having said thus much in its praise we will go farther. Our guide declared that people come "miles and miles" to be buried here. He mentioned London and Middlesbrough as two points whence clients had journeyed quite recently to sleep their last sleep among the local slag and slate. "You see," he explained (it seemed necessary, for the prospect from the graves is not tranquillising), "there's no drier burying-ground anywhere. I've found coffins that have lain here

forty years as sound as when they were put in." One can believe that; it is a veritable example of dust and ashes in congenial comminglement. But these words show that the flourishing state of arboriculture in the Bilston cemetery is due in very little measure to the fertilising properties of dead mortality. The trees have thriven on bad soil and in the teeth of persistent atmospheric opposition. Without exaggeration it may be said that what has been done here could be done anywhere in South Staffordshire, except of course in the immediate vicinity of destructive vapour of the most asphyxiating kind.

Some two miles north of Bilston, towards Wolverhampton, there is an interesting sight; nothing less than the execution in its initial stage of a scheme for the levelling and planting of the spoil-banks. It is to be an East End park for the service of the poorest of Wolverhampton's inhabitants, assuming (as we well may) that none but the poorest live in this dismal part of the district. The land has been devoted to the purpose by local persons; and, if only the local mothers will take ordinary precautions with their children, it seems just possible that this park, when completed, may be productive of more pleasure than pneumonia among its patrons. The horizon is on all sides gloomy, save for the hog's-back ridge of Sedgley Beacon in the west, which is not in itself a very engaging spectacle. Chimney stacks, furnace vents emitting flames, disused pit gear, and crazy hovels are the main features of the landscape; the air is clangorous with machinery in motion, and thick with smoke. The old names of particular parts of the contiguous land brutally portray their staring ugliness. We have, among others, Bug Hole and Moseley Hole, Hell Lane and Catchem Corner.

There are two or three square miles of pit-banks here, and it is in the heart of them that this philanthropic venture is being wrought out. Super-

ficially the land seems better adapted for treatment like the Dutch "polders." The hollows are individually small. Many of them hold pools in their beds, murderous death-traps every winter when the first glaze of ice is upon them; but bottoms and sides alike are composed of the usual blue and grey shale, over which a thin coating of grass comes every spring to tantalise the lean angular horses turned out to graze and strike pathetic attitudes in its midst. It would be relatively easy to mulch the hollows and grow anything in them. But over the banks themselves the wind is biting when there is the least chilliness in the air. "It u'd puzzle the Almighty to make *them* into a park," said a son of the land to the writer the other day. We were both contemplating with somewhat similar thoughts the men at work levelling the mounds and wheeling soil to lay over their arid material. Nevertheless in a few years one may look for grass here and trees of a certain quality. What the Bilston cemetery has achieved unaided, the East End park of Wolverhampton may well hope to achieve with the help of professional cultivators and a cuticle of real mould.

Proceeding south from Bilston, we see the Black Country again under its most forbidding aspect. The road to Moxley, and thence to Wednesbury, has lost every trace of rural beauty; it grows telegraph-poles and lamp-posts,—that is all. The painted chocolate-coloured church at Moxley has four or five starveling poplars in its graveyard and cuddled between walls on its west side; the best sheltered attain a height of seven or eight feet; the others linger miserably among the grimy tombstones, themselves apparently indisposed to render support to anything extraneous, dead or alive. But after the church we see no trees of any kind for a mile or so. On all sides are the baleful adjuncts of the practical application of what may be called the invention of steam. A few pitiable wisps of hawthorn cower in

one place by the roadside, where pit-chains play the part of a proper hedge and lumps of slag serve as a wall. The town of Wednesbury rises at the end of this reach of road, dominated by its spired church, and copious indeed is the incense of smoke which ascends to it from the environing manufactories. Yet even here the pit-banks breed countless ox-eyed daisies, and there is a look of engendering fertility in their dark soil; a fertility which should increase with years and the decay of the ironworks' refuse, of which they mainly consist. But it is a howling region for all that, and only the most sanguine persons can anticipate the time when forest trees shall again rear their gracious heads here.

Wednesbury, or Wedgebury, demands particular notice. There is a park under the lee of its hill, on the north side, and this park is, after the Bilston cemetery, the best illustration in the Black Country of what can be done with disused pit-mounds. You would not think it to look at the town from the north, with its naked red houses one above the other, the huge black cubes of slag which cumber its base, the coal shafts and the mirk of the neighbouring iron-works. The pungent stink of chemical smoke also seems a deadly foe to anything in the nature of a struggling plant. Yet from Ethelfleda Terrace (the fine Saxon flavour in the name is not an anomaly in this old Saxon settlement) one is constrained to feel a certain regard for Wednesbury. The view is a broad one. It includes in its compass green meadows, cornfields, and a patch or two of woodland even in the foreground, as well as red Darlaston and Walsall, coal-mines, bluish pit-banks with a shading of yellow, iron-works and deflected chimneys, and the famous tree clump of Barr Beacon a few miles to the south-east. From no standpoint in the Black Country may one better reclothe the district with the imagination, and revel in the fair illusion. As for the air breathed on the east and south sides of Wednes-

bury's hill, it is nothing less than a tonic. The Black Country folk need not go to Scarborough to be braced; Wednesbury is full as invigorating. But there are no festive allurements here: only the relics of a medieval hostelry, "The Leather Bottle," at the foot of the hill, with the following discreet stanza placarded within:

Be merry, my lads,
And drink your beer;
But do not swear
Or gamble here.

Brunswick Park, Wednesbury, is made entirely out of spoil-banks. It is only seven years established; yet it has a willow-girdled pond, turf, shrubs, and flower-beds which would not disgrace a London suburb. The designers have made admirable use of the configuration of the ground. Instead of laboriously shovelling all the slopes into the hollows, they have left the loftiest of the mounds as a sort of escarpment, and this they have grassed and set with poplars. A winding path ascends among the trees, and above is a plateau with shelter-houses and more grass for the Wednesbury youngsters to play on. The dark gritty nature of the subsoil is openly declared, and acute edges of slag peer in places through the superincumbent epidermis. Yet the park pleases the eye and soothes the fancy with the assurance that ere long Wednesbury will have more reason to be proud of it than she certainly has even at present.

And now for professional evidence about the trees of this park. The custodian of the place began his tale with a maxim which, if applicable to trees, is not equally applicable to human beings; "The quicker a thing grows," he said, "the better it grows." The broad-leaved poplars on the slope inspired this utterance; but though these have made the most of their chances of growth they have not all or nearly all taken cordially to the soil. "We keep on putting in others in place of the dead ones and chopping off the rotten parts," said the

man; and as he spoke he pointed to a melancholy group of withered trees whose blackened twigs rustled mournfully in the breeze that made mild music among the leaves of their more robust neighbours. It had in fact to be admitted that even poplars do not exactly flourish here. One cannot altogether understand why; but perhaps the peculiar acridness of the local air explains it. On the other hand, the shrub of the district, the elder, thrives excellently, and very grateful is the greenery it yields; privet also makes light of the basis of slag upon which it has to support existence. It has been stated lately that Scotch firs are the trees which seem pre-eminently suited for the Black Country; but the local verdict is against them, in spite of their hardness. "Coniferous trees don't do, and it's no good saying they do." Firs will make a bold bid for life on very poor soil, but they cannot stand bad air. Chemical smoke suffocates them; the wonder is that it does not disagree more conspicuously with the men and women condemned by circumstances to inhale it.

This Brunswick Park merits another word or two for the few bushes of broom on its cinder-mound of a hill. As one would expect, broom has no objection to such soil. Leopardi, in his poem on Vesuvius, reminds us of its simplicity in this respect:

Odorata ginestra,
Contenta dei deserti.

Besides, is not the *retama*, which alone of shrubs exists on the Cañadas, that discouraging plateau of the Peak of Teneriffe, a species of broom? What would the Peak be without its *retama*? And the Tenerifan bees would miss its honey-laden flowers as sadly as the tourist the fuel afforded by this well-loved plant. One would like to see all the naked spoil-banks between Birmingham and Wolverhampton gleaming with the gold of the broom. As a beginning to better things, it would be a step well worth taking, even

solely from the æsthetic aspect. The prime reproach of the Black Country would then be taken away from it. Before leaving the Brunswick Park it may be whispered that the custodian's soul hungers for the rhododendron; he believes this garish shrub would accommodate itself to the conditions of Wednesbury life.

Half an hour's walk from Wednesbury brings the pedestrian to Walsall, which also, without doing it wrong, may be ranked as a Black Country town, though it is comfortably near the undecorated eastern fringe of the district. Here is another park, and one by no means to be missed by the investigator. It is called Reed's Wood, and may be somewhat long-windedly defined as an area of about forty-six acres of pit-mounds, precariously enclosed, rudely levelled, enriched as much as limited means will permit, and set here and there with trees, many of which are a spectacle to bring tears into the eyes. We regret to say it, but Reed's Wood is a dispiriting example of Black Country replantation. Yet, as a set off, consider its site and its comparative newness. The north winds have it at their mercy. It obtains none of the protection the Brunswick Park receives from the rows of houses (villas, if you will) which flank it on one side, and from the clever retention of the one lofty pit-mound on another. Reed's Wood has in fact been charged to fight its battle as a forlorn hope; and the result seems to be a protracted death-agony.

The park was established eight or nine years ago, when sixteen thousand saplings were introduced to it, many of which are still less than the height of a man. The trees in sociable knots do certainly contrive to keep an air of health. Here are wych-elms, ashes, poplars of several kinds, birch, Scotch pines, and even sycamores and oaks and chestnut trees. We were conducted with some ceremony into the midst of a plantation where two or three Scotch firs about eight feet high were discoverable. So far, well; but the

trial comes when the members of this pleasant, if rather miscellaneous, family have to go out into the world and prove their mettle as individuals; in other words, when the young trees are transferred to the side-walks and elsewhere. The tearing winds then soon buffet away their earlier look of callow self-reliance. The poplars, birches, and ashes, as may be surmised, come through their ordeal best, and especially the Lombardy poplars. As for the sycamores, beeches, and chestnut trees, they droop their heads and die; as indeed do also some of their more vigorous comrades. The oaks and firs do not appear yet to have been tried as independent personages. Probably it is well that it is so.

While we made our survey of this park, the men were engaged in creating new areas for planting. Carts full of the town's rubbish were being emptied into the hollows; night-soil comes as an added agent. On this foundation mould is laid, the whole is zealously raked into smoothness, and as a preliminary sown with grass seed. Nothing could be more methodical. But to our fancy it seemed as though the adjacent young poplars watched the process critically, and in the shaking of their leaves whispered to each other that it took the heart out of them to see what a degraded place they had spent their youth in, and how determined they were to warn any new comers of their kind that they would best do their duty to themselves by dying in infancy. Let us hope it was not so; but we must confess that the poplars would have our sympathy if they were thus broken-hearted.

After all, however, even Reed's Wood is not an absolute failure. It seems a pity that since so much has been designed and done here, more cannot be done to protect results already attained. The notice-boards, intimating that two months' imprisonment with hard labour is the reward for damage done to the trees, lets the chief offender go scot-free. Until the bleak winds are chained, or some sort

of barrier is erected to cheat them of their prey, Reed's Wood will always, it seems, have to struggle desperately for bare existence. We doubt even if the transformation of part of it into a cemetery would make much difference to its generally forlorn appearance. Municipal thrift or impecuniosity is presumably at the root of the difficulty.

This paper would be very imperfect without at least a reference to the Dudley region of the Black Country. Here too Mother Earth has been sadly worried. Hugh Miller's words are as applicable to the district immediately under Duke Dodo's castle as farther east: "One might almost imagine the land had been seized in the remote past by some mortal sickness and, after vomiting out its bowels, had lain stone-dead ever since." But from the standpoint of this paper Dudley is almost out of count. There is verdure enough and to spare on the slopes of the castle. As the local poet, with his local ear, reminds us:

The warblers are heard in the grove,—
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.

No replanting is necessary here; the forest trees make a thick brake for the encouragement of the grimy country towards which they point their eastern boughs. "As it is here," they may be supposed to say, "so might it be eventually with you—again."

In conclusion, the Black Country of Staffordshire may be recommended respectfully to learn a lesson not only from the black country of the Ardennes, but from the coal district of Shropshire, only some twenty miles to the north-west. Here, by Oakengates, is the most positive of witnesses to the inherent virtues even of spoil-banks. There is a wood, actually a little forest of trees, on an elevated surface of black land that tells its own tale. The abandoned pit-shafts in the middle of the green glades sufficiently

support the testimony of the soil. This wood is called Cockshutt Piece, and here may be seen in amicable and happy association birches, ashes, wych-elms, sycamores, poplars, rowans, Scotch firs, and even oak trees. The last look the least happy. On the other hand, the birch trees are quite at home, and here more than ever strengthen the conviction that they are the tree destined, with the poplar and the ash, to do wonders in South Staffordshire. It is a charming little wood, and the more so from the contrast of its black gritty soil with the

green grass and green leaves. We guessed its age at twenty years; but we were wrong. A wild-looking lady in one of the red cottages hard by (with pit-gear clanking the other side of her garden) assured us demonstratively that she had been married "nineteen year last wake" and that she remembered the wood long before then. This shows that pit-banks want planting betimes. Too much must not be expected of them at first; but with patience and care they may assuredly be transformed from an eyesore into objects to delight all eyes.

FROISSART THE HISTORIAN.

IN FROISSART THE LOVER¹ I attempted to sketch the earlier part of what may be called the autobiography of Froissart, and left him in the year 1373 as curé of Lestines. He is now "*Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*," arrived at the age of five-and-thirty, more or less, probably rather more; youth and love lie behind him, and his reflections are dated "the thirteenth night of November, when no bird sings, for now is winter fully come." He feels that he is at a turning-point of his career; both the lighter pursuits of his youth and also the "marchandise" (whatever this was) of his maturer age have now been renounced. He has learned the lesson that "knowledge is better worth than wealth," and Philosophy urges him to devote himself to it. He has no pressure of manual labour upon him, no wife or children to support. God might have made him a labourer, a mason or other workman, but instead He has given him the gift of knowledge. In a word, he feels that the clerical vocation is that to which he is unmistakably drawn, and he enters it not with any view of devoting himself to the duties of religion, but in order to secure leisure for that pursuit of knowledge which lay so near his heart. It was "clergie" in the sense which was synonymous with science that attracted him, and not any strictly ecclesiastical function.

It is, in fact, from this point that we must date the beginning of the systematic compilation of THE CHRONICLES. He had already made preparations for this work: his intention had already been called to that of Jean le Bel, on which the first part of his own was to be founded; and he had already

collected some special information in his travels. Moreover,—and this was perhaps of more importance—he had acquired some general knowledge of the various countries of which his history was to treat, and had made an acquaintance with some of the leading personages who were to be actors upon his scene. He had travelled in France and had visited Avignon. He had been much in England at the court of Queen Philippa, to which he had at first come in 1361, when the King and Queen were at Berkhamstead taking leave of the Prince and Princess of Wales before their departure for Aquitaine. He had visited Scotland with letters of introduction from Queen Philippa to David Bruce, and had stayed there at least three months, following the court as the King paid visits to some of the more distant parts of his realm, and staying for a fortnight with the Douglasses at Dalkeith Castle. He had ridden through some of the midland counties of England in the company of Edward Despenser, who pointed out to him as they went the possessions which might have been his but for the "wicked queen" Isabel; and finally they had visited Berkeley Castle together, where Froissart had obtained from "an ancient squire" an account of the tragedy which had there been enacted. This was in September 1366, and at the beginning of the next year we find him at Bordeaux, on the day when the future King Richard was born, ready to have accompanied the expedition to Spain if he had not been sent back by the Prince of Wales from Dax to be with his mother Queen Philippa. In 1368 he had been one of the large train that followed the unfortunate Lionel Duke of Clarence to Milan, on which occa-

¹ See MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE for January 1895.

sion he may have made acquaintance with Chaucer among the retinue of the Prince, and with Petrarch among the guests at the wedding festivities. From Milan he had prolonged his journey to Rome, whither Urban the Fifth had just transferred the papal see, and returned with the embassy sent by the Prince of Wales from Aquitaine at the beginning of the succeeding year. In this year, 1369, he had lost his good patroness the gentle Queen Philippa, and just two years after this the Duke Wenceslas of Brabant, to whose court he had then attached himself, and whose personal friend and companion in letters he had become, had suffered the defeat of Bastweiler, and had gone into captivity. Froissart may well have felt that it was time to look for a more settled way of life, and accordingly in the course of the next year we find him installed in the presbytery of Lestines-au-Mont.

It was in the quiet retirement of this cure that the first portion of *THE CHRONICLES* was written, a work complete in itself and based almost entirely upon the *VRAYES CHRONIQUES* of Jean le Bel, canon of Saint Lambert's at Liège. Under what form precisely the first book of *THE CHRONICLES* was published, and under whose patronage it was originally composed, are questions which I do not propose to discuss. It is evident enough that the person to whom credit for the whole undertaking chiefly belongs is "Le bon seigneur de Beaumont," Guy of Blois. To him Froissart owed the canonry of Chimay, which gave him greater dignity as well as more freedom, and he seems also to have been appointed chaplain to the household of the Count. Nothing can be clearer than the language in which the author repeatedly declares that he writes at the request and command of this liberal patron, and he thinks it necessary to protest against the possible idea that he has shown partiality in his history to the family of Blois, so deeply concerned in the wars of Brittany, because of the

fact that it was the nephew of Charles of Blois who had commanded him to make this history and had paid him well for his labour. The freedom with which he speaks of the errors committed by his patron in the latter years of his life seems to testify to his sincerity in this respect.

Since the publication of *THE CHRONICLES* of Jean le Bel we are able to judge of the meaning of Froissart's assertion that the earlier part of his history is founded upon that of his predecessor. We know that the greater part of his first book is actually a reproduction of the earlier work, and that many descriptions with which the name of Froissart is almost indissolubly connected, as for example that of the surrender of Calais, belong really to the canon of Saint Lambert's, to whom it must be remembered Froissart fully acknowledges his obligation. This part of the work extends up to the year 1361; so that it is not correct to suppose, as has been supposed on the strength of a casual expression, that the really original part of the work begins with the battle of Poitiers. He says indeed that before the battle of Poitiers he was too young to make any historical inquiries himself; but we must not assume that all from that point onwards is based on his own inquiries, for he continues to make use of the work of Jean le Bel up to its conclusion. Within this period, then, we must not expect to find many traces of autobiography; but as the work proceeds and the events become more contemporary with the record of them, the author more and more clearly brings before his readers the process by which the narrative has been compiled, and we see in it more and more of his personal experiences. This is especially the case from the beginning of the third book, when, having completed his record of the war in Flanders, he resolved to throw a part of his narrative into a conversational form, and to let his readers see him on his travels in quest of information.

Thanks to this happy variation from the conventional style of chroniclers, we not only come to know the historian personally better than we did, but we also learn to realise what it meant in those days to be an historian on anything like a large scale. We cannot do better than to follow him in his travels.

In the year 1388, then, considering, as he says, that no great feats of arms were likely to be done for some time to come in Flanders or Picardy, and knowing that his history would be much read and would give pleasure to all noble and valiant men long after he should be dead, he resolved that while he yet had memory good and intellect clear and body fit for travel (in both senses of the word, for in those days certainly to travel was to labour), he would pursue his matter wherever he might best find it; and knowing that at the court of Gaston Count of Foix and Béarn he could not fail to meet many of those who had taken part in the wars of divers countries, he resolved to make his way thither. First, then, he applied to the Count of Blois for letters of introduction, and next made arrangements to be supplied with such a present as he knew would be acceptable to Gaston Phébus, who "loved dogs above all animals," four fine greyhounds, namely, which he was to find ready for him at an abbey near Montpellier. This we gather from one of the *pastourelles*, in which he represents a shepherdess lamenting for the departure of her sweetheart Robin, and still more for that of the four *lévriers* which he takes away with him, Tristram, Hector, Brun, and Roland, for she it is who has reared them, and she can better bear to part with her lover than with them. Robin is to accompany them into Foix, where they are destined as a present for the renowned Prince Gaston.

The roads were bad, but travellers going on horseback made fairly good progress. Indeed, it was possible to travel the length of Flanders and of

France, from Sluys to the passes of the Pyrenees, in as little as two and twenty days; but our historian loved to find a companion with whom he could ride at his ease and talk, and we may be sure that he did not travel with excessive speed. He came, by Montpellier apparently, to Carcassonne, and thence to Pamiers, which he describes as a very attractive town, on a clear, wide stream, and surrounded by vineyards. Here he stayed waiting for company going into Béarn where the Count then was, and after three days he had the good fortune to fall in with a knight in the service of the Count of Foix, who was on his way back from Avignon, by name Sir Espaing de Lyon, a valiant and prudent man, of the age of about fifty years, which was nearly exactly that of our historian. He was glad to have an opportunity of hearing the news from France, and Froissart, it is needless to say, was delighted to be told of the events in Upper Gascony, Foix, and Béarn, so that they rode together with mutual satisfaction.

The journey was a continuous lesson in historical topography. On the first day they passed by the castle of Artigat, and Sir Espaing related the stratagem by which Pierre d'Anchin and the companions of Lourdes had taken the town and castle. They passed the night at Montesquieu, and thence on the next day rode to cross the Garonne at the bridge of Palamini. They found the bridge broken down by a flood, and were compelled to return to Montesquieu for another night. On the third evening they stayed at Cassères, having crossed the Garonne with difficulty in boats, and while supper was preparing they went out to see the town. "'See you this wall here?' said the knight. 'Yes, sir: why do you ask?' 'Because,' said he, 'you perceive that this part of it is newer than the rest.' 'True,' said I. Then he said: 'Now I will tell you how this event came about.'" And the knight forthwith

proceeded to relate how the Armagnacs and d'Albrets had seized the town, and the Count of Foix had come to its rescue, and how he had blocked all the gates and vowed that not a man should leave the town by them, so that when at length they surrendered for fear of famine they had to go out one by one through a hole made in the wall, which afterwards was repaired, as might here be seen. On the fourth day they passed by the Pas-de-la-Garde, and the historian heard the tale of how it was forced by the Count of Foix coming to the help of the men of Pamiers; and on the fifth the sight of the castle of Malvoisin suggested the story of its capture by the Duke of Anjou some fifteen years before. They stayed that night at Tournay, at the sign of the Star, and in the evening the captain of Malvoisin, Sir Raymond de Lane, came in to supper, bringing with him four bottles of as good white wine as Froissart had tasted on his journey—and he had some claim to be a judge of wine, for had he not spent five hundred francs, equivalent to at least as many pounds of our money, with the *taverniers* of Lestines?

On the sixth day their arrival at the Pas-au-Laire led naturally to the story, which had been promised beforehand, of the Mongat of Lourdes and his companions. As the story was concluded, they came to the stone cross which marked the place where the Mongat and his opponent both fell, and without dismounting they repeated a *Pater-noster* and an *Ave Maria*. Coming to the road which struck off towards Lourdes, the historian was told of the siege of that town by the Duke of Anjou and of the murder of Pierre Ernault by the Count of Foix. "Saint Mary," said I, "what think you, was not this great cruelty?" "Whether it were or no," cautiously replied the knight, "thus it happened; and let any one take heed how he angers the Count, for in his anger he pardons none." That day they arrived at Tarbes be-

fore evening, and lodged there for the night, at their favourite sign of the Star. The following day they entered Béarn, and in answer to an inquiry about the position of Pau the knight promised to point out its steeple a little farther on; but we are not told that he kept his promise, and modern topographers inform us that it was not within his power. The conversation continued still as they proceeded; "and every day," says Froissart, "when we descended at our lodging, whether it were in the evening or in the morning, I set the stories down in writing, to have the fresher memory of them for time to come." On the whole, whether the discourse turned upon sieges and feats of arms, or upon such exploits as that of the bourg of Spain, who carried an ass with its load of wood upstairs from the courtyard into the gallery and threw it bodily upon the fire, because the Comte de Foix complained that it was but a little fire for such cold weather, we cannot doubt that, as he says, it gave him great pleasure and recreation, and very much shortened his journey. Finally, on the evening of the eighth day they arrived at Orthez, and our historian took up his lodging in one of those astronomical hosteleries which he so much affected, this time at the sign of the Moon.

Sir Espaing de Lyon went up at at once to the castle, and found the Count in his gallery, having just dined; for though as a rule in those times dinner took place at a tolerably early hour, certainly well before noon, it was the custom of the Count of Foix to rise always at midday and to have supper served at midnight; therefore his dinner hour, it may be supposed, was somewhere about six o'clock in the evening. He forthwith sent to seek out Froissart at his inn, for no one was ever more eager to have news of foreign lands. When he arrived the Count received him with much welcome, both for his own sake and because of his letters, and, addressing him in good French,

said that he knew him well already, though he had never seen him, because he had so often heard speak of him. Froissart was retained of his household, and there stayed three months at least, living at the hostelry, but with all his charges, both for man and horse, liberally provided.

More than his letters, however, and more than the report which had gone before him, a book which he had brought with him contributed to his acquaintance with Gaston Phébus. This book, called MELIADOR, or THE HISTORY OF THE KNIGHT OF THE SUN, had been made by Froissart at the request of the Duke Wenceslas of Brabant, and in it were included all the poems, chansons, ballades, rondels, and virelays which that gentle Duke (now dead) had composed. The Count was never weary of hearing these, and every night after supper he would have Froissart read the book aloud with silence of all the company, the Count entering into discussion with him on the points (of love, it may be supposed) which were suggested by the reading, and speaking always not in Gascon but in the purest French. Every night at twelve of the clock, be the weather what it might, Froissart must leave his lodgings and come up to the castle. If he got wet and chilled by the way, he was warmed by the welcome that he received and the brilliancy of the scene, which, with its blaze of lights, seemed to him like nothing but the Earthly Paradise.

After supper he would read, and then the Count would make him drink of his own wine served in a golden flagon. He was a man of regular habits, this Gaston Phébus, notwithstanding that the hours he kept were a little unusual, and he managed his affairs in as businesslike a style as any prince of his time. He taxed his people, it is true; but in return he secured to them what few other rulers could secure, perfect good order and complete immunity from the devastation of war, which in France at that time made life, except for adventurers

and "companions," hardly worth living. Notwithstanding the occasional indignation caused by the recital of the crimes which the Count had committed in moments of passion, Froissart was quite blinded to his faults by his brilliant qualities, and still more perhaps by his liberality and interest in literature. He was at this time nearly sixty years old, handsome and well made as no other prince of his time. "He loved that which he ought to love, and hated that which he ought to hate" (Jews, for example, and unbelievers). He was devoted to the chase, and with all persons (except, of course, the said Jews and miscreants) he was affable and friendly. He was rapid in the despatch of business, and had four secretaries to write his letters, who must always be ready to serve him, and whom he called not individually John or Walter or William, but generically "good-for-nothing (*mau-me-sert*)," when he needed the service of one or another. He was fond of minstrelsy, and often made his clerks sing rondels and virelays before him; moreover, on high festivals, as Saint Nicholas's day and Christmas, the Church services were celebrated with music and singing such as would hardly be heard elsewhere except in the chapel of the Pope or the King of France. On such occasions Froissart admired the impartiality with which bishops of the two rival opinions were received, two Clementines and two Urbanists being entertained in places of honour at the Count's table, though it was true that the Clementines had the upper place. "Briefly," says our chronicler, "the estate of the Count of Foix at that time was perfect, and he in his person so wise that no prince of his time could be compared to him."

At this cosmopolitan little court Froissart was able to meet knights and squires of all countries, and was informed of feats of arms in Spain and Portugal, Navarre and Aragon, England and Scotland. At his own, or at some other hostelry in the town a

company would assemble in the evening and tell tales of the exploits performed by themselves or by others till the castle-bell rang at midnight, when torches were lit and all who were bound to supper with the Count set forth up the ascent to the castle. From those who had taken part in the wars of Spain and Portugal he heard the details of the battle of Aljubarrota, so fatal to the chivalry of France and Béarn, with gossip about the miraculous way in which the Count of Foix had heard the news; from Sir William Willoughby, who had been sent thither by the Duke of Lancaster from Lisbon, he may have heard of the later events in the same country; by Jean de Castelnau and Jean de Cantiron he was told the story of the battle of Otterburn, at which they had been present on the English side in the August previous; by the Sire de Valentin he was informed of late events in Cyprus; and from men like the bascot of Mauléon he heard miscellaneous tales of adventures more or less authentic, which he did not always record, evading the question, "Have you this down already?" with a cautious, "I do not know; tell your tale; perhaps I have not been informed of every point."

It was a happy time, no doubt; but MELIADOR was finished at last, and the author felt himself bound to take leave. The young ward of the Count of Foix was to be married to the Duke of Berry (who, though not so old as our historian seems to think, was at least four times the age of the bride), and Froissart resolved to accompany her escort into France. The Count ordered his treasurer to give him eighty florins of Aragon, and urged him to return at some future time, "which," says Froissart, "I should have done, if he had lived but three years longer."

The escort journeyed to Toulouse, and thence proceeded by short stages towards Avignon, accompanied by the Marshal de Sancerre with five hundred lances, by order of the King. Ar-

rived at Villeneuve by Avignon, they stayed there the night, and the next morning at ten o'clock the young lady passed the bridge of the Rhone, riding a beautiful white palfrey which the Pope had sent over for her. She was met by all the cardinals, and descended at the palace, where she was greatly welcomed by the Pope, her cousin. Here they stayed for some days, and in that interval the accident befell Froissart which gave occasion to the poem called *LE DIT DU FLORIN*, from which I have more than once quoted. Of the eighty good florins of Aragon which he had received from the Count of Foix he had exchanged sixty into French money, receiving for them forty gold francs, and these he had enclosed as prisoners in a purse bought for three deniers. Rising early on the Sunday he went out to mass, and on his return he looked into his purse and found the treasure gone. He was sure that he had had it that morning; never was there such a miraculous disappearance. The florin, which he addresses and asks for news of its fellows that have taken flight, tells him that he is a fool if he thinks much of his loss. Lightly come, lightly gone; there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. The good Lord de la Rivière and the good Count of Sancerre, under whose conduct the bride was, might be counted on for ten francs each for love of the Count of Blois; and the Dauphin d'Auvergne and Jean d'Acy would doubtless each do something, especially when they knew that Froissart had been forced to spend a hundred florins on his expectations of a canonry of Lille, which had not brought him in any profits as yet, and perhaps never would. The hint no doubt was taken by some of the persons named, but it may be doubted whether the advice of the florin, that he should be more careful of his money in future, was of any avail; for according to his own account money disappeared at once as soon as it came into his hands, and he spent always twenty shillings

where another would spend twenty pence.

The young bride continued her journey from Avignon by Orange to Riom in Auvergne, where the marriage was celebrated on Whit Monday. Froissart went from thence to Paris, and found there the Sire de Coucy, who asked for news from Foix and Béarn, and invited him to stay at his castle of Crévecœur near Cambrai. After being there for three days he went to Valenciennes, and so to Holland, where the Count of Blois at that time was. But his repose was for a short time only. In little more than a month he took leave, and returned to France to know the truth of the negotiations for a peace, of which the Sire de Coucy had told him something, and still more perhaps to see the noble pageant which the Parisians were preparing for the entry of Queen Isabel in August. He was informed of the negotiations by Guillaume de Melun, one of the French envoys, of whom he inquired more especially what Scottish lords had been present, because in former times, he said, he had had so much acquaintance with the kingdom of Scotland, and had known so many lords and knights there. Indeed he seems always to have taken a special interest in keeping up his relations with Scotland, proud perhaps of having travelled in a country so little known, especially as his journeys had extended even to the Highlands, "*jusques à la Sauvage Escoche*."

After the festivals at Paris we find him travelling for a time in Anjou and Touraine, on which journey he made acquaintance with Guillaume d'Ancenis, who told him much about Brittany, and related the legends about the name and extraction of Bertrand du Guesclin, with whose family he was himself connected. Then he seems to have returned to Valenciennes and to have been engaged in setting down the information which he had gathered. During this interval it was that he paid a visit

to Bruges, for the purpose of finding some natives of Portugal who had taken part in the late events there. He was told that a knight of the council of the King of Portugal, Don Juan Ferrando Pacheco, had arrived at Middleburgh on his way by sea to Prussia, and he at once resolved to get from him the Portuguese version of those events which had been related to him hitherto chiefly from Spanish sources. This knight Froissart found very courteous and friendly, and he was in his company with great satisfaction for six days, at the end of which he took leave of him, going on board his ship to see him off. Finally, in the month of June 1392, he had the good fortune to be in Paris again at the time of the attempt upon the Constable de Clisson, and was able to give an account of those events with the authority of one who was himself on the spot.

In 1395, a permanent peace being now almost assured, he saw his opportunity to carry out a long-cherished wish. It was now seven-and-twenty years since he had seen England, endeared to him on account of his old associations with the court of Queen Philippa, and interesting now because of his desire to see King Richard and the new generation of statesmen, and to justify what he had written of them in his history. He had already prepared a present likely to be as acceptable to Richard of Bordeaux as the four greyhounds were to Gaston of Foix, a book, namely, containing all the "treatises of love and morality" that he had composed "by the grace of God and of Love," in the whole time of thirty-four years during which he had been writing verse. This volume he had had finely illuminated, at Paris doubtless, without risk of repetition of the misfortune which had befallen him thirteen years before, when, having sent a book of *THE CHRONICLES* to be illuminated at Paris, intending to present it to this same King Richard on the occasion of his marriage, he had had the mortification of hearing that

it was confiscated by order of the Duke of Anjou (fifty-six quires "*de romans ou chroniques*," as it is cruelly called by the official), because destined as a present for the King of England. He applied to the Duke Aubert of Hainault and to the Duchess of Brabant for letters of introduction to the English king and his uncles, while from the Sire de Coucy he obtained a letter to his daughter, the Duchess of Ireland. So on the 12th of July he crossed the sea from Calais to Dover.

On arriving in England he was struck by the fact that the whole generation that he had known had passed away. The keepers of the hostels were all new, and the children whom he had known were all grown up to men and women, who knew not him nor he them. He stayed at Dover a day and a night, and then on the Wednesday, at nine o'clock in the morning, he reached Saint Thomas of Canterbury, as he calls it, heard high mass and made his offering at the tomb of the martyr, returning to his inn for dinner. He was told that on the next day the King, who had lately returned from Ireland, was expected at Canterbury, whither he came often both in honour of the body of the saint and in memory of his father who was there buried. Accordingly on the Thursday morning the King arrived with a great train, "of whom," says poor Froissart, "I did not know a single soul." At first he was dismayed and looked about him in vain for some of the older generation, especially for Sir Richard Stury, who he knew was of the Privy Council. On inquiring, he learnt that Sir Richard was not present, and at length he ventured to address Sir Thomas Percy, the Grand Steward, who promised to present him and his letters to the King. The King, however, had by this time retired to sleep at midday, and when, later in the afternoon, Froissart came to the archbishop's palace, where the King was lodged, he found that things were in preparation for setting out to return

that evening to Ospringe, and Sir Thomas Percy advised him to accompany the royal train to Leeds Castle. They stayed at Ospringe that night, and there Froissart made acquaintance with Sir William de Lisle, who, seeing that he was a stranger, addressed him, "for the gentlemen of England are all courteous, friendly, and acquaintable," and informed him that the King would arrive at Leeds Castle the next day by dinner-time, and there would meet the Duke of York, for whom Froissart had letters and whom he remembered well in his youth.

On the Friday they rode together, and on the way Froissart, hearing that his companion had been with the King in Ireland, inquired about the purgatory of Saint Patrick, and heard that Sir William de Lisle and another had passed the night in the cave, where they had slept and had marvellous dreams, but could not remember anything of them in the morning. At Leeds Froissart was presented to the King by the Duke of York, but did not then produce his book, because the King was much occupied with matters of state, especially with the protests made by the Gascons against the appointment of John of Gaunt to be Duke of Aquitaine. To deal with this and other matters a council had been called at Eltham for the 22nd of July, and thither our historian rode with the rest. Nothing is more interesting and valuable in *THE CHRONICLES* than these personal records of the English court, and his account here of this privy council, taken down as it was almost at the door of the council-chamber from the lips of one who had been present, is almost unique as an historical record. But at this moment we are concerned with the personal interests of our chronicler, and have little to do with the objections of the cities of Aquitaine to the appointment of the Duke of Lancaster to rule them, or with the behaviour at the meeting of the Duke of Gloucester, who, having defiantly flung down his opinion in oppo-

sition to that of the great majority, went out of the chamber and sat down to dinner in the hall in company with the Earl of Derby, leaving the rest to discuss the matter if they dared. Enough to say that Froissart found his old friend Sir Richard Stury, come thither for the council, who knew him again at once, though the last time they had met was four-and-twenty years ago at the court of the Duke of Brabant. Sir Richard received him cordially, and being asked how things had gone in the council hesitated a few moments, and then, with the remark that what had been done could not be a secret long, told him all that had passed, while they paced the pleasant galleries at Eltham, which then were covered with vines.

On the Sunday, when the other members of the council had departed, the Duke of York and Sir Richard Stury presented him again to the King in his chamber, and he produced the book. The King opened and looked at it, and it pleased him well, "as indeed it ought, for it was illuminated and storied and bound in red velvet, with ten studs of silver gilt and golden roses in the middle." Then the King asked of what the book treated, and he replied, "Of Love," with which he was yet more pleased, having, it may be conjectured, heard too little of that subject lately, and turned to several places in the book and read, "for he spoke and read French very well," and then he bade Sir Richard Credon carry the book into his chamber. This very same Sunday Froissart made the acquaintance of Henry Chrystead, and from

him obtained a deeply interesting report of the Irish people among whom he had lived for seven years, and of his experiences in educating for the court of Richard and for the degree of knighthood four wild Irish chiefs, who had never worn breeches or used stirrups or sat at a civilised table in their lives.

He was with the English court for more than three months, following it in its movements to Leeds or Kingston, Chertsey or Windsor, and well entertained both for his own sake and because of his former connection with Edward the Third and Philippa of Hainault; and when he took his leave at Windsor, there was delivered to him from the King a goblet of silver gilt of the weight of two marks, containing a hundred gold nobles.

This is the last authentic news that we have of our historian from his own pen. We do not know how long he lived or where he died, but we may fairly assume that he spent his remaining years in the delightful occupation of composing *THE CHRONICLES*, and that the point at which they end, the month of August in the year 1400, by no long time preceded the date of his death. To quote his own words at the beginning of the fourth book: "So long as I shall live, by the grace of God I shall continue this history, for the more I labour in it, the more it pleaseth me. For as the gentle knight or squire who loveth arms nourisheth and perfecteth himself in them by persevering and continuing, so I by labouring and working in this matter do exercise and delight myself."

G. C. MACAULAY.

THE SOLDIER IN PRINT.

Who are the men to make the best authors of military memoirs? This question is no new one; but within the past few months it has pressed itself upon us with unusual urgency. A year or two ago the MEMOIRS OF GENERAL MARBOT delighted us all with a new insight into the Grande Armée, showing us something of the smaller wheels of the great military machine, of the occasional friction of their working and of its causes, and of the frightful wear and tear which eventually broke it down. We follow the young aide-de-camp from staff to staff and from campaign to campaign; we see Napoleon pinching his ear on his return from his desperate reconnaissance across the Danube; we bend over the gallant Lannes as he expires in his arms; we share his indignation when St. Cyr neglects his military duties to practise on the violin; we lament with him over the crippling of such a man as Massena by a woman's influence; we rejoice when he attributes the victory of the English in the Peninsula to the double-rank formation and the accuracy of their fire; and we are filled with admiration when he, a man who has served most of his time on the staff, proves himself to be a first-rate regimental officer, and in fact the only colonel who, by simple care and attention, brought back an efficient regiment of cavalry with him in the retreat from Russia. These and a hundred more such points, together with much information that is new and much criticism that is enlightening, claim our attention at every turn, and we are thankful. Withal, we are conscious as we close the three volumes that we have read the story of a disappointed man. Marbot does not conceal that there were times when

his orders were unwelcome and his occupation distasteful; but he closes such passages with the simple comment, "I obeyed." He wrote for his children, and, like a good soldier, he set them an example of discipline.

The gallant Frenchman has heralded a regular battalion of military historians in England. Mr. Forbes-Mitchell's REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT MUTINY, Colonel Tomkinson's DIARY OF A CAVALRY OFFICER IN THE PENINSULAR AND WATERLOO CAMPAIGNS, Mr. Wilberforce's UNRECORDED CHAPTER OF THE INDIAN MUTINY, Colonel Colin Campbell's LETTERS FROM CAMP with a preface by Lord Wolseley,—this (which by no means exhausts the list) is a tolerable supply of a single article within the space of little more than a year. One is tempted to ask whether it be not time that such abundance should at least be sifted, if not stopped. Mr. Forbes-Mitchell's book, though it has found, of course, some severe critics among members of its author's own profession, has been received as on the whole a valuable addition to our history of the great Indian Mutiny; Mr. Wilberforce's contribution to that history appears to be more picturesque than profitable, and has been already criticised with a completeness that leaves nothing to be desired. Of these two books, then, we shall say nothing; but of the other two on our list, which possess the inestimable advantage to a reviewer of being admirable foils to each other, we propose to say a few words, in the hope of obtaining some answer to the question asked in the first sentence of this paper. Military memoirs, reminiscences, letters, or what not, presumably possess some value for the student of military history. Other qualities they may also exhibit more directly akin to the pur-

pose of literature, and for which they will be proportionately praised; but without this particular value, they might as well have remained unprinted. It is as contributions to the elucidation of military history that they must finally be judged.

Colonel Tomkinson's *DIARY OF A CAVALRY OFFICER* appears to us to possess this value in no common degree. It is true that we are not wholly destitute of chronicles from the hands of the junior officers of the Peninsular Army. We have, for instance, apart from Napier's great history, the story of *THE SUBALTERN*, and letters from the hands of men who afterwards became famous, to say nothing of the recollections of an old soldier (of the Ninety-Fifth, if we mistake not), which appeared many years ago in *BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY*. But in truth the crying need from which the British Army has suffered is the want of Marryats, Michael Scotts, and Smolletts. Not all the naval biographies, naval chronicles, naval histories, and gazettes teach us one fraction as much about the British Navy as a single reading of *FRANK MILDMAI*, *PETER SIMPLE*, and *MIDSHIPMAN EASY*. *TOM CRINGLE'S LOG* supplements Marryat, while in the earlier half of the eighteenth century *RODERICK RANDOM* holds his place alone. There are no such books about the famous army that fought under Wellington; no imperishable type of non-commissioned officer to stand by the side of Swinburne and the immortal Mr. Chucks. Nor, let us hasten to add, is the deficiency made good by Colonel Tomkinson's diary. Therein we find no imagination, no drawing of character, no literary effort, —to such refinements no objective journal can aspire—but a plain narrative, terse and pithy, of the daily life of a cavalry officer and of the regiment to which he belonged in the most famous of English military campaigns. The writer is no genius; he is certainly no master of style; he is simply a man who can see and hear, and above all mind his own business. He

is an officer of the Sixteenth Light Dragoons, and it is with the Sixteenth Light Dragoons that he principally concerns himself, not with criticisms on Lord Wellington and the War Department at home.

Wellington was not fond of his cavalry, and hence it has become the fashion to treat its services in the Peninsula with some contempt. Nobody who reads this journal will, we venture to think, close it without resentment against that fashion. It is abundantly clear that the cavalry worked hard and was by no means useless. Again, the idea is abroad, and is in no sense discouraged in high quarters, that previous to 1871 regimental officers, with few exceptions, knew nothing and learned little in the British Army; but this position also will at least be shaken by a perusal of the journal. The regimental officers were, it may be, worse educated, but they were not slower to learn at the beginning of the nineteenth century than at the end. Here we find an average officer noting a chain of posts which he saw quite early in his career as the best that he ever encountered, a sure proof that the remembrance thereof was treasured in his memory. Again, we find him condemning the system of cavalry-training as practised in England, and making, as it were, resolutions for reform if ever the day should come for him to command a regiment. "In England I never saw nor heard of cavalry taught to charge, disperse and form, which if I only taught a regiment one thing, I think it should be that." Then follow a code of signals for vedettes, established in 1810, and, we may add, still in full force,—one lesson from the Peninsula not forgotten. Incidentally we learn at the same time that, in manœuvring, the British Cavalry erred on the side of excessive speed in those days, and yet, if a modern officer were questioned on the subject, he would infallibly reply that it was "slow." Almost certainly the same officer, if allusion were made

to piquet-duties in the Peninsula, would affirm that the manner of conducting them was "slack." But what says one officer of the Sixteenth? "We never unsaddle except in the evening, and then merely to clean the horses; and at night the men sleep in their appointments with their bridle-reins in their hands ready to turn out in an instant." And again, three months later, we find the whole regiment passing the night "formed in squadrons round the fires, bridled up, and ready to mount." We are too apt to forget the retreats in the early stages of the Peninsular War, and remember only the advance through Spain across the Pyrenees; and even if we bear them in mind, we fix our eyes on the more important pieces and not on the pawns in the game. War is made up, after all, less of fighting battles than of struggling forward or backward to the battle-field; and this is the process which, for the pawns at any rate, if not for all, remains the same throughout all ages. This too, we may add, is the business which we watch in company with Tomkinson of the Sixteenth. We trace all the anxieties and difficulties in procuring food for the men and forage for the horses, in transporting a forge for the business of shoeing, and all the thousand and one impediments which lead to the loss of a man here and the loss of a horse there, and so inevitably weaken the force for the moment of action. Such minor points as these are necessarily omitted by the historian of a war, though in truth they are all important. We know from General Marbot's *MEMOIRS* that Napoleon's officers, fearing to acknowledge their losses on the march, furnished him with fictitious returns of the strength of their regiments, thereby falsifying the whole basis of his calculations. In England of late years all military reforms have tended to exalt the staff and abase the regimental officer, a necessary reaction perhaps against the long predominance of the contrary system in the past. It is good therefore to be able to read,

as in this *DIARY* we may, of the routine life of a subaltern of Light Dragoons on active service, of the lessons that he learned and the experience that he gained. Valuable as high training must necessarily be, to an officer it is not everything. It was not education that caused Marbot to provide extra clothing for his regiment in Russia, and so keep it in strength and efficiency, but plain common sense. Tomkinson, to his misfortune, had received no high training; but he had the good sense to jot down points that struck him in his journal and record them for his own edification.

There is, moreover, a peculiarly healthy tone about the *DIARY*. There is no grumbling or growling; hardships, difficulties, and failures are noted in a few words as matters of fact, but not as grounds of complaint. Occasionally there is a little burst of sarcasm, as for instance against the "wise general," who, evidently in a great fuss, keeps the regiment on the move all day for nothing. Sometimes the criticism is more outspoken. "Lord Tweeddale (Quarter-Master-General to the Cavalry) put us in rear of the town, and Sir Stapleton Cotton (or some of his staff) allowed the Artillery to take their harness to pieces to clean it. Rather a new style of war to place guns in a village, and the troops protecting them a mile in its rear!" But on the other hand he is not less severe to himself and to the regiment. In one skirmish he narrowly escaped capture through the entangling of one of his reins in the appointments of a French hussar; and he vows, evidently conscious that he should have needed no such lesson, that he will never again go into action with a loose bridoon-rein. Again he records with pain that the Sixteenth has lost some few men by desertion, and, though he cannot find an excuse for them, cannot but confess that the occurrence is a disgrace. Moreover there are a number of comical little sketches of the British soldier. Trooper Foxall, having made a discovery of some tea, packs it

into a pair of nankeen small-clothes, ties up the legs thereof, and carries his prize round his neck to the bivouac. Following the description of the scene comes a note that Foxall was one of the best men in the regiment in action, and that he was killed at Vittoria. Shortly after we run against another trooper who turns out to skirmish with a live turkey on one side of his cloak, two live chickens on the other, and his haversack full of other provisions, all of which had to be hastily cleared away for action. Such a scene might have come straight from the creator of *Major Monsoon*; the ludicrous efforts of the unhappy man to turn out as though he were unencumbered, the furious rebuke of the officer, the cackling of the emancipated fowls, and the steady crack of the carbines of the advancing French. Evidently this officer delighted in his men, even as Marryat did, and treasured up their quaintnesses and eccentricities no less than their merits and gallantry. Lastly, there are a few curiosities of the gossip and slang of the army. It is a novelty to hear, for instance, that Wellington was a little nervous at the opening of his attack at Salamanca, or that such at least was the impression in some part of the army. And it is worth much to us to know the nick-names of the various divisions; that the First was known as the Gentleman's Sons, the Second as the Observing Division, the Third as the Fighting Division, and the famous Light Division (will there ever again be its equal?) always as *The Division*. It was a tipsy private of this Division who, being ordered to march off by one of the Duke's Staff, hiccupped out that he knew from whom the order came, from "that long-nosed beggar that licks the French." Such are a few of the points that can be gathered up even in the most superficial ramble through this *DIARY*; but its cardinal value, as we have said, consists in the fact that the writer concerns himself chiefly with his own duty and his own business, and pre-

serves uniformly a manly and cheerful spirit.

Let us now turn to Colonel Colin Campbell's *LETTERS FROM CAMP DURING THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL*, a book which, as bearing the stamp of Lord Wolseley's approval, we took up with high expectations. Not that we stand greatly in need of fresh material for the history of the Crimean War; for in truth, between the insufferable prolixity of Kinglake, the terse and lucid narrative of Hamley, the letters of Dr. Russell and other Special Correspondents, Royal Commissions, controversies, and what not, we have already enough and to spare. But a preface from the hand of Lord Wolseley means, or should mean, that something out of the common is to follow; and it was in confidence in his lordship's recommendation that the present writer, and no doubt other members of the reading public, turned to the perusal of this volume. We closed it, we must confess, with feelings not only of disappointment but of something very like indignation. These letters are in fact one long-winded monotone of grumbling and discontent. Colonel Campbell, we are assured (and we do not question the fact), was an officer of more than ordinary military gifts, and a true lover of his profession. Moreover, he had improved those gifts by study, a rare thing among officers in those days, and therefore the more creditable to him. But certainly it is no very pleasing picture of the man that we see in these letters. He arrived in the Crimea a few days after the battle of Inkerman, just at the time when affairs began to assume their worst aspect, and found the army round Sebastopol in the shocking condition which has been known to the British public for forty years. There is nothing new in his description of it. We all know that the English military system broke down hopelessly; that to mismanagement there was added misfortune, and that the unhappy men endured frightful hardships and died

like flies. Colonel Campbell repeats all this ; and at the time it was doubtless worth writing to his friends, but is it the least worth printing now ? He is liberal enough in abuse of the system, and in apportionment of the blame among his superior officers ; but have we any need of the crude opinions of a captain in a marching regiment, with no exceptional advantages for the formation of a judgment on such matters ? " I am not one of those fellows who blindly abuse Lord Raglan," he writes ; " I believe him to be a man of no ordinary talent." There is no offence in such a sentence in a letter intended only for the writer's family circle ; but printed in a book, under the sanction of Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, it seems to come within measurable distance of an impertinence. In a few pages follows a series of petty attacks on Lord Raglan, based on information drawn from " the best authority," which seem to indicate that the writer had changed his opinion. We perhaps gain some clue to this note of discontent when we find that Campbell was stricken down by fever after some seven or eight weeks at the front, and sent to hospital at Kulali, where he encountered among his fellow-patients two officers of like ideas with himself : " There is not a shade of difference of opinion amongst us touching the manner in which the war is carried on ; and we grumble and growl on the subject all the day long." Sick men in their natural depression of spirits are apt to grumble and growl all the day long ; but when we see our friends give way to this weakness we prefer to conceal and to forget it. On returning to Balaclava Colonel Campbell was declared still unfit for duty, and with the connivance of the Brigadier and the Medical Board, though strictly against orders, went to sea for a further cruise to recover his strength. " The whole thing," he admits, " is in accordance with the state of disorganisation in which the army is " ; we should have preferred to see a

man who is so willing to find fault less ready to take advantage of this disorganisation.

From the first Colonel Campbell is loud in his admiration for the French army, and its superiority in system and organisation to our own. It would be foolish to allow insular prejudice to deny that in most, if not all, military matters the French are our masters, seldom though they have succeeded in beating us ; but we should respect Campbell's eulogy more if we were quite assured that it was just. He is, for instance, loud in praise of the French commissariat department ; but we have heard more than one old Crimean officer relate, and corroborate his story by contemporary letters, that in the winter of 1854-55 French soldiers in their hunger would pick up the fragments of food lying round the English tents, and be uncommonly glad to get hold of them. Be that as it may, for the point is really of small importance, a year's experience obliges Campbell to confess, in spite of all his admiration of the French, that they have their failings. Early in 1855 he boldly writes (and it is as boldly printed) that the French had but three thousand men sick out of a hundred thousand, while we had thirteen thousand out of less than half that number. Such a report could only have emanated from a French source ; but he adds that, though he cannot answer for the correctness of these figures, he believes in them. After six months, however, he is fain to admit that the French have no regard for the truth. Finally, when the second Crimean winter comes, he finds that in spite of the superiority of the French army on all points, the French soldiers are in a worse condition than they were twelve months before, and that the English are decidedly better provided for than their allies. This is the kind of self-contradictory stuff, of little interest and no value, with which these letters are filled.

In despair we then turned to Lord

Wolseley's preface in order to find out what special merit he had discovered in the book. And then was disclosed the astounding fact that he had never read the letters at all, but had given his recommendation in the full confidence that anything written by his old comrade from the seat of war would well repay its readers. This confession is characteristic, no doubt, of that gallant, if somewhat heedless, nation which claims Lord Wolseley as one of its most illustrious sons, but surely less impressive as a guarantee for the work it is designed to recommend. It might even be thought somewhat too heedless to come from an officer of his lordship's high reputation and position.

Nor can we altogether compliment the editor on the performance of his share in this volume. We have been frequently during our perusal of it confronted by such paragraphs as these. "I got Jane's box to-day from the *Kangaroo*. Everything was in excellent condition, and I have taken out a great many things for present use. I am also much obliged to you for the books and portable soup you are sending by Du Cane. Also send my warmest thanks to Lilla for the mits." . . . "I am of course anxious to subscribe to the window in memory of Charles, and I leave it to you also to fix the amount. You need not be the least afraid of fixing it at too high a sum, and my only reason for requesting you to do is that I do not know on what scale the memorial is to be made, or what will be the number of subscribers." We wish to say nothing discourteous, but we would ask what place such strictly private matters have in a volume of letters professing to be a contribution to the history of the siege of Sebastopol? And these are no solitary instances. Whole pages are occupied by matters of domestic affliction, beyond question of deep concern to the writer, but surely too private and sacred to be tossed pell-mell with a medley of growls, military criticisms, and horrors of the

battlefield to a profane British public. It is clear, however, that the editor is of a very different opinion, inasmuch as he has actually gone the length of detailing in a note a mournful series of bereavements which befell, not the actual writer of these letters but, one of his first cousins in England during the course of the siege.

Let us not be mistaken in that which we have written. We do not seek to extenuate the errors and worse than errors of the Crimean campaign; still less do we impute fault or failing to Colonel Colin Campbell. We are honestly confident that he was a good, gallant, and earnest soldier, who felt deeply for the sufferings of his men, and was impatient over the abuses and imbecility that he saw rampant about him; and we believe that no greater injustice to his memory could have been wrought than by the publication of these hasty, crude, and confidential letters to his kinsfolk. A man who writes for the eyes only of his own family and friends is not afraid to set down the thoughts that are uppermost in him, even when his mind be impaired by sickness or unbalanced by the physical strain and nervous tension of constant, harassing, and dangerous work. But we refuse to believe that a true picture of Colonel Campbell, or any edification for soldier or civilian, is to be gained by printing, even under the patronage of a Field-Marshal, such passages as these. "I am still an engineer, but shall give up the situation in disgust if I do not see something decisive is to be done soon. I begin to get tired of being shot at every thirty-six hours for seven-and-sixpence a day, although I would do it for nothing if I could see we were progressing at all" (July, 1855). "Whenever I get into conversation with a big-wig I praise the French and abuse the whole of our institutions and operations in the strongest language I dare to use, the strength of which depends upon the rank of the listener; but I never mince my words for any one under a

Major-General, treating Brigadiers very cavalierly." How far more edifying than such outbursts is the simple sentence in which Marbot sums up the whole duty of the soldier, *I obeyed*.

We repeat that we do not hold Colonel Campbell to blame for the propagation of these doctrines; the editor and Lord Wolseley must share that responsibility between them. Lord Wolseley, as everybody knows, has many and great claims upon the respect and admiration of the British public; but when he condescends to use the influence and high station which he has deservedly won to puff the sale of a book which he has never read, he goes near, we submit, to trying the patience of that public too far. If the greatest military authority in the kingdom wishes to set the seal of his approval on a military work he is at perfect liberty to do so, on the single condition that he shall first read it. When he has read it and approved it, we thank him, and gratefully accept his guarantee. The fashion of palming off inferior wares under the shadow of a great name is, unfortunately, common enough in these days. Mr. Gladstone, for one, has thus helped many a mediocrity in the literary world to a spurious fame; but he has done so with perfect good faith and with no very serious results. The literary world is a republic; every one is at liberty to follow his own judgment, and no one is bound to subscribe to Mr. Gladstone's opinion. Above all, Mr. Gladstone reads a book before he praises it. It is far otherwise in military affairs. The military world is a despotism, long experience having shown this to be the only possible form of government for fighting men. Hence unqualified recommendation of a book by an officer in high command is no such trifling matter. It is a warrant that the work, whether narrative or didactic, contains nothing that is not agreeable to sound doctrine. On technical points there is of course abundant room for differences of opinion; but on broad principles there is,

we take it, none. Is it correct, as a broad military principle, that subordinate officers should be eternally grumbling, openly criticising their superior officers, condemning the plan of operations, treating all seniors under the rank of Major-General "very cavalierly," and so forth? We speak under correction, but we should imagine not.

Lord Wolseley's preface is not confined to praise of the friend whom he knew, and of the book which he has not read. "Our sufferings" [before Sebastopol], he writes, "had their origin in the folly, criminal ignorance, reckless parsimony, and ineptitude of the gentlemen who were then her Majesty's Ministers. The crass ignorance of the Cabinet which ordered our army to the Crimea was only equalled by the baseness with which it afterwards attempted to shift the blame of our winter misery from its own shoulders to those of the military authorities in the field." This is strong language, unnecessarily strong, we should say, after the lapse of forty years. Let it be freely admitted that the whole conduct of the Crimean campaign, as far as concerns the civilian's share in it, was indefensible; and let Lord Wolseley, or any one else that feels disposed to undertake the task, lay the blame on the right shoulders. But if he be so intent on searching out and exposing ignorance, folly, and ineptitude, why should he not go back to the American campaign of 1776, or the West Indian campaigns of 1795-98? The study would be at least as profitable and the conditions to be criticised not less obsolete. In the Crimean campaign evils were at least searched out, exposed, and even remedied with an energy which, if not always intelligent, was at any rate earnest, and a lesson learned that has produced great results. We cannot say the like of the older campaigns. No one who has not read the original despatches from the West Indies, for instance, can have any conception of the appalling loss of life among the men, or of the shifts to which admirals

and generals alike were reduced through the apathy, neglect, and incompetence of the administrative departments at home. It is generally believed that ignorance of sanitary science was mainly responsible for our losses in these tropical campaigns; but this is only a part of the truth. We have seen regulations for the feeding, clothing, and general care of the troops, suggested at the time by a staff-officer, which surprised us by their soundness and foresight. But the Government would not provide means for carrying them into effect. We have read appeals from old and distinguished officers, naval and military, which one would have expected to move the heart of the most careless or most parsimonious minister. But nothing was done. The commanders accepted the inevitable, and with breaking hearts did their best, enforcing discipline by example as well as by precept, neither grumbling themselves nor giving countenance to it.

We are not blind to the hard fate of English officers and soldiers in serving a nation which (we speak in all earnestness) has no regard for its army; but, after all, the army at any rate knows the worst, and that worst is on the whole not one hundredth part so bad as it was in the early years of this century, when much of our most brilliant military work was done. It is heartbreaking for good generals to be continually baffled by their employers; and not less heartbreaking for good regimental officers

to be set at nought by their generals. But generals are often as blindly obstinate as Governments. Generations of regimental officers (who are the best judges on such matters) from Tomkinson downwards have condemned the employment of detachments, instead of complete regiments, on active service; but still generals, in spite of many warnings from the St. Domingo expedition of 1655 to Majuba Hill, persist in the practice. The question, as it is with most things in this imperfect world, is one of give and take, and is not helped to a solution by hard language or the revival of by-gone bitterness. One of the first men in genius for war that ever sprang from this country wrecked himself by his incessant complaints and quarrels first with his superiors, and later with the Government. But while Dundonald raved and stormed, Collingwood, who was far worse treated by the Government than any soldier in the Crimea, stuck to his work without a word, and died in harness, neglected to the last, but triumphant. "Guard carefully against letting discontent appear in you," he wrote to a young officer; "it is a sorrow to your friends, a triumph to your competitors, and cannot be productive of any good." We commend the study of Collingwood's life as a useful antidote to those who have read Colonel Campbell's letters and Lord Wolseley's preface. It will lift them to a higher atmosphere of conduct, of duty, and of discipline.